



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Post
21/10/1941
very nice from

CHARLES CLARK.

6/10/1941

280 n. 593



POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions

WITH THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS,

A

DRAMATICK POEM.

By the RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE GRANVILLE, Lord
LANDSDOWNE.

Lately Revis'd and Enlarg'd by the AUTHOR.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakeſpear's-Head*, in
Dame's-ſtreet, MDCCXXII.

280. n. 593.

Leith's Rev. Dr.
Glasgow

January 29th 1745

Bought the Book
the 10th of May



THE PREFACE.

AT my Return, after near ten Years Absence, I found several Editions had been publish'd of *VERSES and POEMS, &c.* under my Name, but so maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of Countenance, had not the Publick received them with such distinguishing Candour, even under all those Disadvantages.

As it is plain from their several Subjects that they were composed for the most part in the earliest time of my appearance in the World, I can attribute that Indulgence to no other Consideration but a generous connivance at youthful Follies.

So favourable a Reception, however, led me, in this time of Leisure and Retirement, to examine upon what Foundation I had been so much oblig'd to the Publick, and in that Examination I have discovered such strange Variations from the original Writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the Negligence, Ignorance, or Conceitedness of different Transcribers from surreptitious Copies: Many things attributed to my self, of which, by not be-

P R E F A C E.

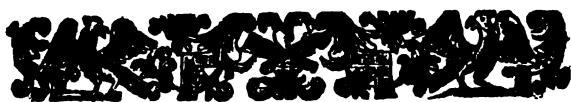
belonging to me, it would be unjust to assume the Merit; and as many attributed to others, which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjust to leave them to the Censure.

To rectify therefore all past Mistakes, and to prevent all future Impositions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this present Publication; disowning whatever has been, or may hereafter be published in my Name, but what has the Sanction of being printed by Mr. *Jacob Tonson* and Mr. *Lawton Gilliver*; excepting two Comedies, intitled, *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*; and, *The Jew of Venice*, alter'd from *Shakespear*.

As these Poems seem to begin where Mr. *Waller* left off, tho' far unequal and short of so inimitable an Original; they may however be permitted to remain to Posterity as a faithful Register of the reigning Beauties in the succeeding Age.

Upon that Merit alone the Author presumes to recommend them to the Patronage of the fair Sex.

LANSDOWNE.



THE CONTENTS.

T O the Earl of Peterborough, on his happy Accomplishment of the Marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess Mary d'Este of Modena. Written several Years after in Imitation of the Style of Mr. Waller.	Page 1
Spoken by the Author, being then not Twelve Years of Age, to her Royal Highness the Dutchess of York, at Trinity-College in Cambridge.	P. 4
To the King, in the First Year of his Majesty's Reign.	ib.
To the King.	P. 5
To the King.	P. 6
To the Author, on his foregoing Verses to the King. By Mr. Edmund Waller.	ib.
Answer. To Mr. Waller.	ib.
To the Immortal Memory of Mr. Edmund Waller, upon his Death.	P. 7
To Mira. Loving at first Sight.	P. 9
To Mira.	P. 10
Song. To Mira.	ib.
An Imitation of the Second Chorus in the Second Act of Seneca's Thyestes.	ib.
A Loyal Exhortation. Written in the Year 1688.	p. 12
Verses sent to the Author in his Retirement. Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgon.	P. 13
	Occasion'd

The C O N T E N T S.

<i>Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses. Written in the Year 1690.</i>	p. 14
<i>Song.</i>	p. 17
<i>Beauty and Law. A Poetical Pleading. Occasion'd by a Hearing in the House of Lords between the Dutcheßs of Grafton and the Lord Chief Justice.</i>	ib.
<i>Lady Hyde.</i>	p. 23
<i>Lady Hyde having the Small-pox, soon after the Recovery of Mrs. Mohun.</i>	p. 24
<i>The Dutcheßs of——, unseasonably surpriz'd in the Embraces of her Lord.</i>	p. 25
<i>To Flavia. Written in her Garden in the North, &c.</i>	ib.
<i>To the same. Her Gardens having escap'd a Flood that had laid all the Country round under Water.</i>	p. 26
<i>To my Friend Dr. Garth. In his Sickness.</i>	ib.
<i>To my dear Kinsman Charles Lord Lansdowne, upon the Bombardment of the Town of Granville in Normandy, by the English Fleet.</i>	p. 27
<i>Lady Hyde. Sitting at Sir Godfrey Kneller's for her Picture.</i>	p. 28.
<i>To Mrs. Granville of Wotton in Buckinghamshire, afterwards Lady Conway.</i>	p. 29
<i>To Mrs. Afra Behn.</i>	ib.
<i>The Desertion.</i>	p. 30.
<i>Song.</i>	p. 31.
<i>In praise of Mira.</i>	ib.
<i>Song to Mira.</i>	p. 33
<i>Mira singing.</i>	ib.
<i>Mira. At a Review of the Guards in Hyde-Park.</i>	p. 34
<i>To Mira.</i>	ib.
<i>The Progress of Beauty.</i>	p. 35
<i>The Countess of Newbourg, insisting earnestly to be sold who I mean by Mira.</i>	p. 45
<i>To Mira.</i>	p. 46
<i>To Mira.</i>	ib.
<i>To Mira.</i>	p. 47
<i>Song to Mira.</i>	ib.
<i>To Mira.</i>	p. 48
<i>Song to Mira.</i>	p. 49
<i>To Mira.</i>	ib.
	Phyl-

The CONTENTS.

<i>Phyllis drinking.</i>	p. 50
<i>To Mira.</i>	p. 51
<i>The Enchantment. In Imitation of Theocritus.</i>	ib.
<i>The Vision.</i>	p. 57
<i>Adieu L'Amour.</i>	p. 61.
<i>Love.</i>	ib.
<i>Meditation on Death.</i>	p. 62
<i>Essay. Upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.</i>	p. 63
<i>Explanatory Annotations on the foregoing Poem.</i>	p. 68

EPIGRAMS and CHARACTERS, &c.

<i>Inscription for a Figure representing the God of Love.</i>	p. 73
<i>Definition of Love.</i>	ib.
<i>Women.</i>	ib.
<i>The Relief.</i>	ib.
<i>Sent to Clarinda with a Novel, entitled, Les malheurs de l'Amour.</i>	p. 74
<i>Written in her Prayer-Book.</i>	ib.
<i>Song to the same.</i>	ib.
<i>On the same.</i>	ib.
<i>Her Name.</i>	p. 75
<i>Cleora.</i>	ib.
<i>Cloc.</i>	p. 77
<i>Mrs. Clavering, singing.</i>	p. 78
<i>Song.</i>	ib.
<i>The Wild Boar's Defence.</i>	p. 79
<i>For Liberality.</i>	ib.
<i>Corinna.</i>	p. 80
<i>Cloc.</i>	p. 81
<i>A Receipt for Vapours.</i>	ib.
<i>On an ill-favour'd Lord.</i>	p. 82
<i>Cloc.</i>	p. 83
<i>On the same.</i>	ib.
<i>Corinna.</i>	ib.
<i>Cloc perfuming herself.</i>	p. 84
<i>Belinda.</i>	ib.
<i>In Promptu. Written under a Picture of the Countess of Sandwich, drawn in Mans Habit.</i>	ib.
	L

The CONTENTS.

<i>To my Friend Mr. John Dryden, on his several excellent Translations of the ancient Poets.</i>	p. 85
<i>A Morning Hymn to the Dutcheſs of Hamilton.</i>	p. 86
<i>Drinking Song to Sleep.</i>	p. 87
<i>Written under Mrs. Hare's Name; upon a Drinking Glaſs.</i>	ib.
<i>Under the Dutcheſs of Bolton's.</i>	p. 88
<i>Under the Lady Harper's Name.</i>	ib.
<i>Under the Lady Mary Villiers' Name.</i>	ib.
<i>Cupid diſarm'd. To the Princeſs D'Auvergne.</i>	ib.
<i>Explication in French.</i>	p. 89
<i>Bacchus diſarm'd. To Mrs. Laura Dillon, now Lady Falkland.</i>	p. 90
<i>Thyriſis and Delia. Song in Dialogue.</i>	ib.
<i>A Latin Inſcription on a Medal for Lewis XIV. of France.</i>	p. 91
<i>Enliſh'd, and apply'd to Queen Anne.</i>	ib.
<i>Urganda's Prophecy. Spoken by way of Epilogue at the firſt Representation of the Britiſh Enchanters.</i>	p. 92
<i>Prologue to the Britiſh Enchanters.</i>	p. 93
<i>Epilogue deſign'd for the ſame.</i>	p. 94
<i>Prologue to Mr. Bevil Higgonſ' excellent Tragedy, call'd, The Generous Conqueror.</i>	p. 95
<i>Epilogue to the Jew of Venice.</i>	ib.
<i>Prologue to the She-Galians; Or, Once a Lover and al- ways a Lover.</i>	p. 97
<i>Ode on the preſent Corruption of Mankind. Inſcrib'd to the Lord Falkland.</i>	p. 98
<i>To Fortune. Epigram.</i>	p. 99
<i>Peleus and Thetis. A Maſque ſet to Muſick.</i>	p. 100
<i>The Britiſh Enchanters: Or, No Magick like Love. A Dramatick Poem.</i>	p. 107

POEMS



P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

To the Earl of Peterborough, on his happy Accomplishment of the Marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess Mary d'Este of Modena. Written several Years after in Imitation of the Style of Mr. Waller.



IS Juro barren, in unfruitful Joys,
Our British Jove his Nuptial Hours employs:
So Fate ordains, that all our Hopes may be,
And all our Prospect, gallant York, in thee.
By the same Wish, aspiring Queens are led,
Each languishing to mount his Royal Bed;
His Youth, his Wisdom, and his early Fame
Create in every Breast a Rival Flame:
Remoteſt Kings ſit trembling on their Thrones,
As if no Diſtance cou'd ſecure their Crowns;

B

Fearing

2 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Fearing his Valour, wisely they contend
To bribe with Beauty so renown'd a Friend :
Beauty the Price, there need no other Arts,
Love is the surest Bait for Heroes Hearts :
Nor can the *Fair* conceal as high Concern,
To see the *Prince*, for whom, unseen, they burn.

Brave *York*, attending to the gen'ral Voice,
At length resolves to make the wisht-for Choice,
To noble *Mordaunt*, generous and just,
O! his great Heart, he gives the sacred Trust :
" Thy Choice, said he, shall well direct that Heart,
" Where thou, my best belov'd, hast such a Part,
" In Council oft, and oft in Battle try'd,
" Let wixt thy Master, and the World decide.

The chosen *Mercury* prepares t' obey
This high Command. Gently, ye Winds, convey,
And with auspicious Gales his Safety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's Hopes, and Fate.
So *Jason* with his *Argonauts*, from Greece
To *Chelcos* sail'd, to seek the Golden Fleece.
As when the Goddesses came down of old
On *Ida's* Hill, so many Ages told,
With Gifts their young *Dardanian* Judge they try'd,
And each bad high to win him to her Side;
So tempt they him, and emulously vie
To bribe a Voice that Empires would not buy ;
With Balls and Banquets, his pleas'd Sense they bait,
And Queens and Kings upon his Pleasures wait.

Th' impartial Judge surveys with vast Delight
All that the Sun surrounds of Fair and Bright,
Then, strictly just; he with adoring Eyes,
To radiant *Efté*, gives the Royal Prize.
Of Antique Stock her high Descent she brings,
Born to renew the Race of Britain's Kings ;

POEMS upon several Occasions.

3

Who could deserve, like her, in whom we see
United, all that *Paris* found in Three.
O equal Pair! when both were set above
All other Merit, but each other's Love.

Welcome, Bright Princess, to *Great-Britain's Shore*,
As *Bereynthia* to high Heav'n, who bore
That shining Race of Goddesses and Gods
That fill'd the Skies, and rul'd the blest Abodes;
From thee, my Muse expects as noble Theams,
Another *Mars* and *Jove*, another *James*;
Our future Hopes, all from thy Womb arise;
Our present Joy and Safety, from your Eyes,
Those charming Eyes, which shine to reconcile
To Harmony and Peace our stubborn Ills.
On brazen *Memnon*, *Phæbus* casts a Ray,
And the tough Metal, so salutes the Day.

The *British* Dame, fam'd for resistless Grace,
Contented not now, but for the second Place,
Our Love suspended, we neglect the Fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So sang the *Sirens* with enchanting Sound,
Enticing all to listen and be drown'd;
Till *Orpheus* ravish'd in a nobler Strain,
They ceas'd to sing, or singing, charm'd in vain.

This blest Alliance, *Peterborough*, may
Th' indebted Nation bounteously repay;
Thy Statues, for the *Genius* of our Land,
With Palm adorn'd, on ev'ry Threshold stand.

————— *Utinam modo dicere possem,
Carmina digna Deâ: Certè est Dea carmine digna.*

4. POEMS upon several Occasions.

*Spoken by the Author, being then not Twelve Years of Age
to her Royal Highness the DUTCHESS of YORK,
Trinity College in Cambridge.*

WHEN join'd in one, the Good, the Fair, the Great
Descend to view the Muses humble Seat,
Tho' in mean Lines, they their vast Joys declare,
Yet for Sincerity and Truth, they dare
With your own *Tasso's* mighty self compare.
Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them such Praises, as to Heav'n they give,
Their Praises for that gentle Influence,
Which those auspicious Lights, your Eyes, dispense;
Those radiant Eyes, whose irresistible Flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing Multitudes give Law,
Convert the Factious, and the Rebel awe;
They conquer for the *Duke*, where-e'er you tread,
Millions of Profelytes, behind are led;
Thro' Crowds of new-made Converts still you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious Show.
Happy that *Prince*, who has in you obtain'd
A greater Conquest, than his Arms e'er gain'd.
With all *War's* Rage, he may abroad o'ercome,
But *Love's* a gentler Victory at home;
Securely here, he on that Face relies,
Lays by his Arms, and conquers with your Eyes.
And all the glorious Actions of his Life,
Thinks well rewarded, blest with such a *Wife*.

To the KING, in the first Year of his Majesty's Reign.

MAY all thy Years, like this, auspicious be,
And bring thee Crowns, and Peace, and Victory
Scarce had'st thou time t'unsheath thy conqu'ring Blade,
It did but glitter, and the Rebels fled:

Thy

Thy Sword, the Safeguard of thy Brother's Throne,
Is now as much the Bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy Fame, the trembling Nations send
Throughout the World, to court so firm a Friend.
The guilty Senates, that refus'd thy Sway,
Repent their Crime, and hasten to obey;
Tribute they raise, and Vows and Off'rings bring,
Confess their Phrenzy, and confirm their King,
Who with their Venom over-spread thy Soil,
Those Scorpions of the State, present their Oil.

So the World's *Saviour*, like a Mortal drest,
Altho' by daily Miracles confest,
Accus'd of evil Doctrine by the *Jews*,
The giddy Crowd their rightful *Prince* refuse;
But when they saw such Terror in the Skies,
The Temple rent, their King in Glory rise;
Seiz'd with Amaze, they own'd their lawful Lord,
And struck with Guilt, bow'd, trembl'd, and ador'd.

To the KING.

THO' train'd in Arms, and learn'd in Martial Arts,
Thou chusest, not to conquer Men, but Hearts;
Expecting Nations for thy Triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'st the Name of Just to Great.
So *Jove* suspends his subject World to doom,
Which, would he please to *Thunder*, he'd consume.
O! cou'd the Ghosts of mighty Heroes dead,
Return on Earth, and quit th' *Elysian* Shade!
Brutus to *James* would trust the People's Cause;
Thy Justice is a stronger Guard than Laws.
Marius and *Sylla* wou'd resign to thee,
Nor *Cesar* and great *Pompey* Rivals be;
Or Rivals only, who should best obey,
And *Cato* give his Voice for Regal Sway,

6 POEMS upon several Occasions.

To the KING.

HEROES of old, by Rapine, and by Spoil,
In search of Fame, did all the World embroil;
Th's to their Gods each then ally'd his Name,
This sprang from *Jove*, and That from *Titan* came;
With equal Valour, and the same Success,
Dread King, might'st thou the Universe oppress;
But Christian Laws constrain thy Martial Pride,
Peace is thy Choice, and Piety thy Guide;
By thy Example Kings are taught to sway,
Heroes to fight, and Saints may learn to pray.

From Gods descended, and of Race Divine,
Nestor in Council, and *Ulysses* shine;
But in a Day of Battle, all wou'd yield
To the fierce Master of the seven-fold Shield;
Their very Deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the Courage, *Jove* the Thunder bore.
But all Perfections meet in *James* alone,
And *Britain's* King is all the Gods in One.

To the Author, on his foregoing Verses to the KING.
By Mr. EDMUND WALLER.

AN early Plant, which such a Blossom bears,
And shews a Genius, so beyond his Years,
A Judgment that could make to fair a Choice,
So high a Subject, to employ his Voice,
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing Greatness of our matchless King.

ANSWER. To Mr. WALLER.

WHEN into *Libya* the young *Grecian* came,
To talk with *Hammon*, and consult for Fame;
Then from the Sacred Tripod where he stood,
The Priest inspir'd, saluted him a God;

Sca

Scarce such a Joy that haughty Victor knew,
 Thus own'd by Heav'n, as I, thus prais'd by you,
 Whoe'er their Names can in thy Numbers show,
 Have more than Empire, and immortal grow;
 Ages to come shall scorn the Pow'rs of old,
 When in thy Verse, of greater Gods they're told;
 Our beauteous Queen, and Royal *James's* Name,
 For *Jove* and *Juno* shall be plac'd by Fame;
 Thy *Charles* for *Neptune* shall the Seas command,
 And *Sacharissa* shall for *Venus* stand:
Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty *Rome*,
 But think from *Britain* all the Gods did come.

To the Immortal Memory of Mr. EDMUND WALLER,
 upon his Death.

ALIKE partaking of Celestial Fire,
 Poets and Heroes to Renown aspire,
 'Till crown'd with Honour, and immortal Name,
 By Wit, or Valour, led to equal Fame,
 They mingle with the Gods, who breath'd the noble
 Flame.

To high Exploits, the Praises that belong,
 Live, but as nourish'd by the Poet's Song.

A Tree of Life is Sacred Poetry,
 Sweet is the Fruit, and tempting to the Eye;
 Many there are, who nibble without Leave,
 But none who are not born to Taste, survive.

Waller shall never dye, of Life secure,
 As long as Fame, or aged Time endure.
Waller, the Muse's Darling, free to taste
 Of all their Stores, the Master of the Feast;
 Nor like old *Adam*, stinted in his Choice,
 But Lord of all the spacious Paradise.

8 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Thole Foes to Virtue, Fortune, and Mankind,
Fav'ring his Fame, once, to do Justice join'd;
No carping Critick interrupts his Praise;
No Rival strives, but for a second Place;
No want constrain'd; (the Writer's usual Fate)
A Poet, with a plentiful Estate;
The first of Mortals, who before the Tomb
Struck that pernicious Monster, Envy, dumb;
Malice and Pride, those Savages, disarm'd;
Not *Orpheus* with such pow'rful Magick charm'd.
Scarce in the Grave can we allow him more,
Than, Living, we agreed to give before.

His noble Muse employ'd her gen'rous Rage
In crowning Virtue, scorning to engage
The Vice and Follies of an impious Age.
No Satyr lurks within this hallow'd Ground,
But Nymphs and Heroines, Kings and Gods abound;
Glory, and Arms, and Love, is all the Sound.
His *Eden* with no Serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Mistaken Men, his Muse of Flattery b'ame,
Adorning twice an impious Tyrant's Name,
We raise our own, by giving Fame to Foes;
The Valour that he pra's'd, he did oppose.

Nor were his Thoughts to Poetry confin'd,
The State, and Business shar'd his ample Mind;
As all the Fair were Captives to his Wit,
So Senates to his Wisdom would submit;
His Voice so soft, his Eloquence so strong,
Like *Cato's* was his Speech, like *Ovid's* was his Song.

Our *British* Kings are rais'd above the Herse,
Immortal made, in his immortal Verse;
No more are *Mars* and *Jove* Poetick Themes,
But the celestial *Charles's*, and just *James*:

Juno and *Pallas*, all the shining Race
Of heavenly Beauties, to the *Queen* give place :
Clear, like her Brow, and graceful was his Song,
Great, like her Mind, and like her Virtue strong.
Parent of Gods, who do'st to Gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd ? And which thy Seat above ?
Waller, the God of Verse, we will proclaim,
Not *Phœbus* now, but *Waller* be his Name ;
Of joyful Bards, the sweet Seraphick Quire
Acknowledge thee their Oracle and Sire ;
The Spheres do Homage, and the Muses sing
Waller, the God of Verse, who was the King.

To M Y R A. *Loving at first Sight.*

NO warning of th'approaching Flame,
Swiftly, like sudden Death, it came ;
Like Travellers, by Light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd ;
The Case so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest Gems, and Gold.

To what my Eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand Graces more ;
And Fancy blows into a Flame,
The Spark that from her Beauty came.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
By my own Image I am caught ;
Pygmalion so, with fatal Art
Polish'd the Form that stung his Heart.

80 POEMS upon several Occasions.

To MYRA.

WAR'N'D, and made wise by others Flame,
I fled from whence such Mischiefs came;
Shunning the Sex that kills at Sight,
I sought my Safety in my Flight.

But ah! in vain from Fate we fly,
For first, or last, as all must die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first, or last, we all must love.

My Heart which stood so long the Shock
Of Winds and Waves, like some firm Rock,
By one bright Spark from *Myra* thrown,
Is into Flame, like Powder, blown.

SONG. To MYRA.

FOOLISH Love, begone, said I,
Vain are thy Attempts on me;
Thy soft Allurements I defy,
Women, those fair Dissemblers, fly,
My Heart was never made for thee.

Love heard, and strait prepar'd a Dart;

Myra, revenge my Cause, said he:
Too sure 'twas shot, I feel the Smart,
It rends my Brain, and tears my Heart;
O Love! my Conqu'ror, pity me.

*An Imitation of the Second Chorus in the Second Act of
SENECA'S THYESTES.*

WHEN will the Gods, propitious to our Pray'rs,
Compose our Factions, and conclude our Wars?
Ye Sons of *Inachus*, repent the Guilt
Of Crowns usurp'd, and Blood of Parents spilt;

For

For impious Greatness, Vengeance is in store;
 Short is the Date of all ill-gotten Pow'r.
 Give ear, ambitious Princes, and be wise;
 Listen, and learn wherein true Greatness lies:
 Place not your Pride in Roofs that shine with Gems,
 In purple Robes, nor sparkling Diadems;
 Nor in Dominion, nor Extent of Land:
 He's only Great, who can himself command,
 Whose Guard is peaceful Innocence, whose Guide
 Is faithful Reason; who is void of Pride,
 Checking Ambition; nor is idly vain
 Of the false Incense of a popular Train;
 Who without Strife, or Envy, can behold
 His Neighbour's Plenty, and his Heaps of Gold;
 Nor covets other Wealth, but what we find
 In the Possessions of a virtuous Mind.

Fearless he sees, who is with Virtue crown'd;
 The Tempest rage, and hears the Thunder sound;
 Ever the same, let Fortune smile or frown,
 On the red Scaffold, or the blazing Throne;
 Serenely, as he liv'd, resigns his Breath,
 Meets *Destiny* half way, nor shrinks at Death.

Ye sovereign Lords, who sit like Gods in State,
 Awing the World, and bustling to be great;
 Lords but in Title, Vassals in Effect,
 Whom Lust controuls, and wild Desires direct;
 The Reins of Empire but such Hands disgrace,
 Where Passion, a blind Driver, guides the Race.

What is this Fame, thus crowded round with Slaves?
 The Breath of Fools, the Bait of flatt'ring Knaves:
 An honest Heart, a Conscience free from Blame,
 Not of great Acts, but Good, give me the Name:
 In vain we plant, we build; our Stores increase;
 If Conscience roots up all our inward Peace.

Whig.

12 POEMS *upon several Occasions.*

What need of Arms, or Instruments of War,
Or batt'ring Engines that destroy from far ?
The greatest King, and Conqueror is He,
Who Lord of his own Appetites can be;
Blest with a Pow'r that nothing can destroy,
And all have equal Freedom to enjoy.

Whom worldly Luxury, and Poms allure,
They tread on Ice, and find no Footing sure :
Place me, ye Pow'rs ! in some obscure Retreat,
O ! keep me innocent, make others great :
In quiet Shades, content with rural Sports,
Give me a Life remote from guilty Courts,
Where free from Hopes or Fears, in humble Ease,
Unheard of, I may live and die in Peace.

Happy the Man who thus retir'd from Sight,
Studies himself and seeks no other Light :
But most unhappy he, who sits on high,
Expos'd to every Tongue and every Eye ;
Whose Follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a Secret to himself alone :
Worse is an evil Fame, much worse than none.

}

A LOYAL EXHORTATION. Written in the Year 1688.

OF Kings dethron'd, and Blood of Brethren spilt,
In vain, O *Britain* ! you'd avert the Guilt ;
If Crimes which your Fore-Fathers blush'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier Vengeance down.

Tremble, ye People who your Kings distress,
Tremble ye Kings, for People you oppress ;
Th' Eternal sees, arm'd with his forky Rods,
The Rise and Fall of Empire's from the Gods.

Ver/es

POEMS upon several Occasions. 13

Verses sent to the Author in his Retirement. Written by
Mrs. ELIZABETH HIGGONS.

I.

WHY, *Granville*, is thy Life to Shades confin'd,
Thou whom the Gods design'd
In Publick to do Credit to Mankind?
Why sleeps the noble Ardour of thy Blood,
Which from thy Ancestors, so many Ages past,
From *Rollo* down to *Bevil* flow'd,
And then appear'd again at last?
In thee, when thy victorious Lance
Bore the disputed Prize from all the Youth of *France*.

II.

In the first Trials which are made for Fame,
Those to whom Fate Success denies,
It taking Counsel from their Shame,
They modestly retreat, are wise.
But why should you who still succeed,
Whether with graceful Art you lead
The fiery Barb, or with as graceful Motion tread,
In shining Balls, where all agree
To give the highest Praise to thee.
Such Harmony in every Motion's found,
As Art could ne'er express by any Sound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, who all admire,
Why, why should you from Courts and Camps retire?
If *Myra* is unkind, if it can be,
That any Nymph can be unkind to thee;
It pensive made by Love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muse, and string your Lyre;
Your tender Song, and your melodious Strain
Can never be address'd in vain;
She needs must love, and we shall have you back again.

Or-

14. POEMS upon several Occasions.

*Occasion'd by the foregoing Verses. Written in the Year
1690.*

CEASE, tempting Siren, cease thy flatt'ring Strain,
Sweet is thy charming Song, but sung in vain :
When the Winds blow, and loud the Tempests roar,
What Fool would trust the Waves, and quit the Shore?
Early, and vain, into the World I came,
Big with false Hopes, and eager after Fame;
Till looking round me, ere the Race began,
Madmen, and giddy Fools, were all that ran;
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the Lists retire,
And thank the Gods who my Retreat inspire.
In happier Times our Ancestors were bred,
When Virtue was the only Path to tread :
Give me, ye Gods! but the same Road to Fame,
Whate'er my Fathers dar'd, I dare the same.
Chang'd is the Scene, some baneful Planet rules
An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools.
Look now around, and with impartial Eyes
Consider, and examine all who rise;
Weigh well their Actions, and their treach'rous Ends,
How Greatness grows, and by what Steps ascends;
What Murders, Treasons, Perjuries, Deceit;
How many crush'd, to make one Monster great.
Would you command? Have Fortune in your Pow'r?
Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour;
Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lye,
Turn Pander, Pathick, Parasite, or Spy;
Such thriving Arts may your wish'd Purpose bring,
A Minister at least, perhaps a King.
Fortune, we most unjustly partial call,
A Mistress free, who bids alike to all;
But on such Terms as only suit the Base,
Honour denies and shuns the foul Embrace.

The

The honest Man, who starves and is undone,
Not *Fortune*, but his *Virtue* keeps him down;
Had *Cato* bent beneath the conqu'ring Cause,
He might have liv'd to give new *Senates* Laws;
But on vile Terms disdaining to be great,
He perish'd by his Choice, and not his Fate.
Honours and Life, th' *Usurper* bids, and all
That vain mistaken Men *Good-Fortune* call,
Virtue forbids, and sets before his Eyes
An honest Death, which he accepts, and dies:
O glorious Resolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd, than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
Than *Cesar* trampling on the Rights of *Rome*.
The *Virtuous* Nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
And Death's a pleasant Road that leads to Fame.

On Bones, and Scraps of Dogs let me be fed,
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
To bleakest Colds, a Kennel be my Bed.
This, and all other Martyrdom for thee,
Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous Honesty!
Judge me, ye Pow'rs! Let *Fortune* tempt or frown,
I stand prepar'd, my Honour is my own.

Ye great Disturbers, who in endless Noise,
In Blood and Rapine seek unnatural Joys;
For what is all this Bustle, but to shun
Those Thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As Men in Misery, oppress'd with Care,
Seek in the Rage of Wine to drown Despair.
Let others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,
Regardless if the Cause be bad or good;
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
Of flattering Pygmies who would pass for Gods.

16 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

For me, unpractis'd in the Courtiers School,
 Who loath a Knave, and tremble at a Fool;
 Who honour generous *Wycherly* oppress,
 Possess of little, worthy of the best,
 Rich in himself, in Virtue that outshines
 All but the Fame of his immortal Lines,
 More than the wealthiest Lord, who helps to drain
 The famish'd Land, and rous in impious Gain;
 What can I hope in Courts? Or how succeed?
 Tygers and Wolves shall in the Ocean breed,
 The Whale and Dolphin fatten on the Mead;
 And every Element exchange its Kind,
 Ere thriving Honesty in Courts we find.

}

Happy the Man, of Mortals happiest He,
 Whose quiet Mind from vain Desires is free;
 Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment,
 But lives at Peace, within himself content,
 In Thought, or Act, accountable to none,
 But to himself, and to the Gods alone:
 O Sweetness of Content! Seraphick Joy!
 Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?
 Where, but in Shades remote from Human kind;
 In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet,
 But never comes within the Palace Gate.
 Farewel then Cities, Courts, and Camps, farewell,
 Welcome, ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,
 From Cares, from Business, and Mankind remove,
 All but the *Muses*, and inspiring *Love*:
 How sweet the Morn! How gentle is the Night!
 How calm the Evening! and the Day how bright!

From hence, as from a Hill, I view below
 The crowded World, a mighty Wood in show,

Where

Where several Wand'ers travel Day and Night
By different Paths, and none are in the Right.

S O N G.

LOVE is by Fancy led about
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
Whom we now an Angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature;
Love and Hate are Fancy all.
'Tis but as Fancy shall present
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's blest, or dies:
Visions of mighty Pain, or Pleasure,
Imagin'd Want, imagin'd Treasure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

BEAUTY and LAW. A Poetical Pleading.

*KING CHARLES II. having made a Grant of the Reversion
of an Office in the Court of Kings-Bench, to his Son the
Duke of GRAFTON; the Lord Chief Justice laying
Claim to it, as a Perquisite legally belonging to his Office,
the Cause came to be heard before the House of Lords,
between the Dutches Relist of the said Duke, and the
Chief Justice.*

THE Princes sat; Beauty and Law contend;
The Queen of Love will her own Cause defend:
Secure she looks, as certain none can see
Such Beauty plead, and not her Captive be.
What need of Words with such commanding Eyes?
Must I then speak? O Heaven's! the Charmer cries;
O barbarous Clime! where Beauty borrows Aid
From Eloquence, to charm, or to persuade!

Will

18 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Will Discord never leave with envious-Care
 To raise Debate? But Discord governs here,
 To *Juno, Pallas*, Wisdom, Fame, and Power,
 Long since prefer'd, what Trial needs there more?
 Confess'd to Sight, three Goddesses descend
 On *Ida's Hill*, and for a Prize contend;
 Nobly they bid, and lavishly pursue
 A Gift, that only could be Beauty's Due:
 Honours and Wealth the generous Judge denies,
 And gives the Triumph to the brightest Eyes.
 Such Presidents are numberless, we draw
 Our Right from Custom; Custom is a Law
 As high as Heaven, as wide as Seas or Land;
 As ancient as the World is our Command.
Mars and *Alcides* would this Plea allow:
 Beauty was ever absolute till now.

It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
 And, right or wrong, he should his Claim resign:
 Not Bears nor Tygers sure so savage are,
 As these ill-manner'd Monsters of the Bar.

* Loud Rumour has proclaim'd a Nymph divine,
 Whose matchless Form, to counter-balance mine,
 By Dint of Beauty shall extort your Grace:
 Let her appear, This Rival, Face to Face;
 Let Eyes to Eyes oppos'd this Strife decide;
 Now, when I lighten, let her Beams be try'd.
 Was't a vain Promise, and a Gown-Man's Lye?
 Or stands She here, un-mark'd, when I am by?

* *A Report spread of a beautiful young Lady, Niece to the Lord Chief Justice, who would appear at the Bar of the House of Lords, and eclipse the Charms of the Beauties of GRAFTON: No such Lady was seen there, nor perhaps ever in any Part of the World.*

So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all *Elys* round
 Another *Jupiter* was said to sound ;
 On brazen Floors the royal Actor tries
 To ape the Thunder rattling in the Skies ;
 A brandish'd Torch, with emulating Blaze,
 Affects the forky Lightning's pointed Rays :
 Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
 Thro' crowds of Worshippers, and acts the God.
 The Sire omnipotent prepares the Brand,
 By *Vulcan* wrought, and arms his potent Hand ;
 Then flaming hurls it hissing from above.
 And in the vast Abyss confounds the mimic *Jove*.
 Presumptuous Wretch ! with mortal Art to dare
 Immortal Pow'r, and brave the Thunderer !

Cassiope, preferring with Disdain,
 Her Daughter to the *Nereids*, they complain ;
 The Daughter, for the Mother's gulfy Scorn,
 Is doom'd to be devour'd ; the Mother's borne
 Above the Clouds, where, by immortal Light,
 Reverse she shines, expos'd to human Sight,
 And to a shameful Posture is confin'd,
 As an eternal Terror to Mankind.
 Did thus the Gods such private Nymphs respect ?
 What Vengeance might the Queen of *Love* expect ?

But grant such arbitrary Pleas are vain,
 Wav'd let them be ; meet Justice shall obtain.
 Who to a Husband justlier can succeed,
 Than the soft Partner of his Nuptial Bed ?
 Or to a Father's Right lay stronger Claim,
 Than the dear Youth in whom survives his Name ?
 Behold that Youth, consider whence he springs,
 And in his Royal Veins respect your Kings :
 Immortal *Jove*, upon a mortal She,
 Begat his Sire : Second from *Jove* is He.

Well

20 POEMS *upon several Occasions.*

Well did the Father blindly fight your Cause,
Following the Cry———of *Liberty* and *Laws*,
If by those *Laws*, for which he lost his Life *,
You spoil, ungratefully, the Son and Wife.

What need I more? 'Tis Treason to dispute
The Grant was Royal; That decides the Suit.
" Shall vulgar *Laws*, imperial Power constrain?
" *Kings*, and the *Gods*, can never act in vain.

She finish'd here, the Queen of every Grace
Disdain vermilioning her heavenly Face:
Our Hearts take fire, and all in Tumult rise,
And one Wish sparkles in a thousand Eyes.
O! might some Champion finish these Debates!
My Sword should end, what now my Pen relates.
Up rose the Judge, on each side bending low,
A crafty Smile accompanies his Bow;
Ulysses like, a gentle Pause he makes,
Then, raising by degrees his Voice, he speaks.

In you, my Lords, who judge; and all who hear,
Methinks I read your wishes for the Fair;
Nor can I wonder, even I contend
With inward Pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy! thus oblig'd to a Defence,
That may displease such heav'nly Excellence.
Might we the *Laws* on any Terms abuse,
So bright an Influence were the best Excuse;

* *The Duke of GRAFTON, slain at the Siege of Cork in Ireland, about the beginning of the Revolution.*

* Let *Niobe's* just Fate, the vile Disgrace
 † Of the *Propoetides* polluted Race;
 Let Death, or Shame, or Lunacy surprize,
 Who dare to match the Lustre of those Eyes?
 Aloud the fairest of the Sex complain
 Of Captives lost, and Loves invoc'd in vain;
 At her Appearance all their Glory ends,
 And not a Star, but sets, when she ascends.

Where Love presides, still may she bear the Prize;
 But rigid Law has neither Ears nor Eyes:
 Charms, to which *Mars*, and *Hercules* would bow,
 ‡ *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus* disavow.
 Justice, by nothing bias'd; or inclin'd,
 Deaf to Persuasion, to Temptation blind,
 Determines without Favour, and the Laws
 O'erlook the Parties, to decide the Cause.
 What then avails it, that a beardless Boy
 Took a rash Fancy for a female Toy?
 Th' insulted *Argives*, with a numerous Host,
 Pursue Revenge and seek the *Dardan* Coast;
 Tho' the Gods built, and tho' the Gods defend
 Those lofty Tow'rs, the hostile *Greeks* ascend;
 Nor leave they, till the Town in Ashes lies,
 And all the Race of Royal *Priam* dies:

* *Niobe turn'd into a Stone for presuming to compare herself with Diana.*

† *Propoetides, certain Virgins, who for affronting Venus, were condemn'd to open Prostitution, and afterwards turn'd into Stone.*

‡ *Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous Legislators, who for their strict Administration of Justice, were after their Deaths made chief Judges in the infernal Regions.*

* The

22 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

* The Queen of *Paphos*, mixing in the Fray,
 Rallies the Troops, and urges on the Day;
 In Person, in the foremost Ranks she stands,
 Provokes the Charge, directs, assists, commands;
 Stern *Diomed*, advancing high in Air,
 His lofty Jav'lin strikes the heavenly Fair;
 The vaulted Skies with her loud Shrieks resound,
 And high *Olympus* trembles at the Wound.
 In Causes just, would all the Gods oppose,
 'Twere honest to dispute; so *Cato* chose.
 Dismiss that Plea, and what shall Blood avail?
 If Beauty is deny'd, shall Birth prevail?
 Blood, and high Deeds, in distant Ages done,
 Are our Fore-fathers Merit, not our own.
 Might none a just Possession be allow'd,
 But who could bring Desert, or boast of Blood?
 What Numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
 Strip'd, and despoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd?
 Take a just View, how many may remark,
 Who now's a Peer, his Grand-Sire was a Clerk:
 Some few remain, ennobled by the Sword
 In *Gothick* Times: But now to be my Lord,
 Study the Law; nor do these Robes despise;
 Honour the Gown, from whence your Honours rise.
 Those fam'd Dictators, who subdu'd the Globe,
 Gave the Precedence to the peaceful Robe;
 The mighty *Julius*, pleading at the Bar,
 Was greater, than when thund'ring in the War
 He conquer'd Nations: 'Tis of more Renown
 To save a Client, than to storm a Town.

How dear to *Britain* are her darling Laws!
 What Blood has she not lavish'd in their Cause!

* Venus.

Kings

Kings are like common Slaves to Slaughter led,
Or wander thro' the World to beg their Bread.
" When Regal Pow'r aspires above the Law,
" A private Wrong becomes a publick Cause.
He spoke. The Nobles differ, and divide,
Some join with Law, and some with Beauty side.
Mordant, tho' once her Slave, insults the Fair,
Whose Fetters 'twas his Pride, in Youth, to wear:
So *Lucifer* revolting, brav'd the Pow'r
Whom he was wont to worship and implore.
Like impious is their Rage, who have in chace
A new Omnipotence in *Graffon's* Face.
Bua Rochester, undaunted, just and wise,
Asserts the Goddess with the Charming Eyes;
And O! may Beauty never want Reward
For thee, her noble Champion, and her Guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law submitting lies,
The Tyrant tam'd, aloud for Mercy cries;
Conquest can never fall in *Graffon's* Eyes.

Lady HYDE.*

WHEN fam'd *Apelles* sought to frame
Some Image of the *Italian* Dame,
To furnish *Graces* for the Piece
He summon'd all the Nymphs of *Graces*;
So many *Mortals* were combin'd,
To show how ope *Immortal* shind.
Had *Hyde* thus sat by *Proxy* too,
As *Venus* then was bid to do,

* Afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester.

24 P O E M S *upon several Occasions.*

Venus her self, and all the Train
Of Goddesses, had summon'd been;
The Painter must have search'd the Skies,
To match the Lustre of her Eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient *Venus*, and the new;
In her we many Mortals see,
As many Goddesses in Thee.

Lady H Y D E, having the Small-Pox, soon after the Recovery of Mrs. M O H U N.

SCARCE cou'd the general Joy for *Mohun* appear,
But new Attempts shew other Dangers near;
Beauty's attack'd in her imperial Fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces kept their Court;
In her chief Residence, besieg'd at last,
Laments to see her fairest Fields laid waste.

On things immortal, all Attempts are vain;
Tyrant Disease, 'tis loss of Time and Pain;
Ghut thy wild Rage, and load thee with rich Prize
Torn from her Cheeks, her fragrant Lips, and Eyes:
Let her but live, as much Vermilion take,
As might a *Helen* or a *Venus* make;
Like *Thetis*, she shall frustrate thy vain Rape,
And in variety of Charms escape.

The twinkling Stars drop numberless each Night,
Yet shines the radiant Firmament as bright;
So, from the Ocean should we Rivers drain,
Still wou'd enough to drown the World remain.

The Dutcheſs of ———, unſeaſonably ſurpriz'd in the Embraces of her Lord.

FAIREST *Zelinda*, ceaſe to chide, or grieve;
Nor bluſh at Joys that only you can give;
Who with bold Eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs Charms,
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's Arms:
With greedy Looks he views each naked Part,
Joy feeds his Eyes, but Envy tears his Heart.
So caught was *Mars*, and *Mercury* aloud
Proclaim'd his Grief, that he was not the God;
So to be caught, was ev'ry God's Deſire:
Nor leſs than *Venus* can *Zelinda* fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than Heav'nly Fair,
Forgive his Raſhneſs, puniſh'd by Deſpair;
All that we know, which wretched Mortals feel
In thoſe ſad Regions where the Tortur'd dwell,
Is that they ſee the Raptures of the Bleſt,
And view the Joys which they muſt never taſte.

TO FLAVIA. Written on her Garden in the North, &c.

WHAT Charm is this, that in the miſt of Snow,
Of Storms and Blaſts, the choiceſt Fruits do grow?
Melons, on Beds of Ice are taught to bear,
And Strangers to the Sun, yet ripen here;
On frozen Ground the ſweeteſt Flow'rs ariſe,
Unſeen by any Light but *Flavia's* Eyes:
Where-e'er ſhe treads, beneath the Charmer's Feet,
The Roſe, the Jeſs'min, and the Lilies meet;
Where-e'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden Birth
Adorns the Trees, and fructifies the Earth;
In miſt of Mountains and unfruitful Ground,
As rich an *Eden* as the firſt is found.

26 P O E M S *upon several Occasions.*

In this new Paradise the Goddess reigns,
In sov'reign State, and mocks the Lover's Pains;
Beneath those Beams that scorch us from her Eyes,
Her snowy Bosom still unmelted lies;
Love from her Lips spreads all his Odours round,
But bears on Ice, and springs from frozen Ground.

So cold the Clime that can such Wonders bear,
The Garden seems an Emblem of the Fair.

*To the same. Her Gardens having escap'd a Flood that has
laid all the Country round under Water.*

WHAT Hands divine have planted and protect,
The Torrent spares, and Deluges respect;
So when the Waters o'er the World were spread,
Cov'ring each Oak, and ev'ry Mountain's Head,
The chosen Patriarch sail'd within his Ark,
Nor might the Waves o'erwhelm the sacred Bark.
The charming *Flavia* is no less, we find,
The favourite of Heaven, than of Mankind;
The Gods, like Rivals, imitate our Care,
And vie with Mortals to oblige the Fair;
These Favours, thus bestow'd on her alone,
Are but the Homage which they send her down.
O! *Flavia*! may thy Virtue from above
Be crown'd with Blessings, endless as my Love.

To my Friend Doctor GARTH. In his Sickness.

MACHAON sick, in every Face we find,
His Danger is the Danger of Mankind;
Whose Art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.

Mor

More Lives he saves, than perish in our Wars,
And faster than a Plague destroys, repairs.
The bold Carouser, and advent'rous Dame,
Nor fear the Fever, nor refuse the Flame;
Safe in his Skill, from all Restraint set free,
But conscious Shame, Remorse, or Piety.

* Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son ;
O ! save the Man whose Life's so much our own !
On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd,
And by restoring *Garth*, preserve Mankind.

*To my dear Kinsman Charles Lord Lansdowne, upon the
Bombardment of the Town of Granville in Normandy,
by the English Fleet.*

THO' built by Gods, consum'd by hostile Flame,
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the *Trojan* Name ;
And so shall thine, tho' with these Walls were lost
All the Records our Ancestors could boast.
For *Latium* conquer'd, and for *Turnus* slain,
Aeneas lives, tho' not one Stone remain
Where he arose : Nor art thou less renown'd
For thy loud Triumphs on *Hungarian* Ground.

+ Those Arms which for nine Centuries had brav'd
The Wrath of Time, on antick Stone engrav'd,
Now torn by Mortars, stand yet undefac'd
On nobler Trophies, by thy Valour rais'd :

* *Apollo, God of Poetry and Physick.*

+ *The Granville Arms still remaining at that time on one
of the Gates of the Town.*

28 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

* Safe on thy Eagle's Wings they soar above
The Rage of War, or Thunder to remove,
Borne by the Bird of *Cæsar*, and of *Jove*.

Lady H Y D E, Sitting at Sir Godfrey Kneller's for her Picture.

W H I L E *Kneller*, with inimitable Art,
Attempts that Face whose Print's on ev'ry Heart,
The Poet, with a Pencil less confin'd
Shall paint her Virtues, and describe her Mind,
Unlock the Shrine, and to the Sight unfold
The secret Gems, and all the inward Gold.
Two only Patterns do the Muses name,
Of perfect Beauty, but of guilty Fame;
A *Venus*, and a *Helen* have been seen,
Both perjur'd Wives, the Goddess and the Queen:
In this, the Third, are reconcil'd at last
Those jarring Attributes of Fair and Chaste,
With Graces that attract, but not ensnare,
Divinely good, as she's divinely fair;
With Beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With Greatness, easy, affable, and good:
Others by guilty Artifice, and Arts
Of promis'd Kindness, practise on our Hearts,
With Expectation blow the Passion up;
She fans the Fire, without one Gale of Hope,
Like the chaste moon, she shines to all Mankind,
But to *Endymion* is her Love confin'd.

* He was created a Count of the Empire, the Family Arms to be borne for ever upon the Breast of the Imperial Spread-Eagle.

What

What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one Face depend so many Fates !
Oblig'd by Honour to relieve but One,
Unhappy Men by Thousands are undone.

To Mrs. Granville of Wotton in Buckinghamshire ; afterwards Lady Conway.

L O V E, like a Tyrant whom no Laws constrain,
Now for some Ages kept the World in Pain;
Beauty, by vast Destructions got Renown,
And Lovers only by their Rage were known :
But *Granville*, more auspicious to Mankind,
Conqu'ring the Heart, as much instructs the Mind ;
Blest in the Fate of her victorious Eyes,
Seeing, we love; and hearing, we grow wise:
So *Rome* for Wisdom, as for Conquest fam'd,
Improv'd with Arts, whom she by Arms had tam'd.
Above the Clouds is plac'd this glorious Light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring Sight ;
Athens and *Rome* for Arts restor'd rejoice,
Th'ir Language takes new Musick from her Voice.
Learning and Love, in the same Seat we find,
So bright her Eyes, and so adorn'd her Mind.

Long had *Minerva* govern'd in the Skies,
But now descends, confess to human Eyes;
Behold in *Granville*, that inspiring Queen,
Whom learned *Athens* so ador'd unseen.

To Mrs. AFRA BEHN.

T W O warrior * Chiefs the Voice of Fame divide,
Who best deserv'd, not *Plutarch* could decide :

* Alexander and Cæsar.

30 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Behold two mightier Conquerors appear,
 Some for your Wit, some for your Eyes declare;
 Debates arise, which captivates us most,
 And none can tell the Charm by which he's lost.
 The Bow and Quiver does *Diana* bear;
Venus the Dove; *Pallas* the Shield and Spear:
 Poets such Emblems to their Gods assign,
 Hearts bleeding by the Dart, and Pen be thine.

The DESERTION.

NOW fly, Discretion, to my Aid,
 See haughty *Myra*, fair and bright,
 In all the Pomp of Love array'd;
 Ah! how I tremble at the Sight!
 She comes! She comes! ——— Before her all
 Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a Destroyer fierce and young,
 Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
 Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
 Sparing nor Age nor Sex,
 Commands in chief; Well fortify'd he lies,
 And from her Lips, her Cheeks, her Eyes,
 All Opposition he defies.
 Reason, Love's old inveterate Foe,
 Scarce ever reconcil'd 'till now,
 Reason assists her too.

A wise Commander he, for Council fit;
 But nice and coy, nor has been seen to fit
 In modern Synod, nor appear'd of late
 In Courts, nor Camps, nor in Affairs of State;

Reason

Reason proclaims them all his Foes,
Who such resistless Charms oppose.

My very Bosom Friends make War
Within my Breast, and in her Interests are;
Esteem and Judgment with strong Fancy join
To court, and call the fair Invader in;
My darling fav'rite Inclination too,
All, all conspiring with the Foe!

Ah! whither shall I fly to hide
My Weakness from the Conqueror's Pride?
Now, now, Discretion be my Guide!
But see, this mighty *Archimedes* too
Surrenders now.
Presuming longer to resist
His very Name,
Discretion must disclaim;
Folly and Madness only would persist.

S-O N-G.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I:
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous Tongue the trembling Accents die.
Alas! a thousand thousand Fears
Still overawe when she appears!
My Breath is spent in Sighs, my Eyes are drown'd in Tears.

In Praise of M Y R A.

TUNE, tune thy Lyre; begin, my Muse;
What Nymph, what Queen, what Goddess wilt
thou chuse?
Whose Praises sing? what Charmer's Name
Transmit immortal down to Fame?

32 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Strike, strike thy Strings : let Echo take the Sound,
 And bear it far, to all the Mountains round :
Probus again shall hear, again rejoice,
 And *Harmon* too, as when th' enchanting Voice
 Of tuneful *Orpheus* charm'd the Grove,
 Taught Oaks to dance, and made the Cedars move.

Not *Venus*, nor *Diana*, will we name,
Myra is *Venus*, and *Diana* too ;
 All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true :
 Then sing, my Muse, let *Myra* be our Theme.
 As when the Shepherds wou'd a Garland make,
 They teach with Care the fragrant Meadows round,
 Plucking but here and there, and only take
 The choicest Flowers, with which some Nymph is
 crown'd :

In forming *Myra* so divinely fair,
 Nature has taken the same Care,
 All that is lovely, noble, good, we see,
 Allauteous *Myra*, all bound up in thee.
 Where *Myra* is, there is the Queen of Love,
 Th' *Arcadian* Pastures, and th' *Italian* Grove :
 Let *Myra* dance, so charming is her Mien,
 In ev'ry Movement ev'ry Grace is seen :
 Let *Myra* sing, the Notes so sweetly wound,
 The *Sirens* would be silent at the Sound.
 Place me on Mountains of eternal Snow,
 Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow ;
 Or cast me underneath the burning Line,
 Where everlasting Sun does shine,
 Where all is scorch'd ——— Whatever you decree.
 Ye Gods ! where-ever I shall be,
Myra shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me.

SONG

Would the just Gods so many Charms provide
 Only to gratifie a Mortal's Pride?
 Wou'd they have form'd thee so above thy Sex,
 Only to play the Tyrant and to vex?
 'Tis impious Pleasure to delight in Harm,
 And Beauty shou'd be kind, as well as charm.

The Progress of BEAUTY.

THE God of Day, descending from above,
 Mixt with the Sea, and got the *Queen of Love*:
 Beauty, that fires the World, 'twas fit should rise
 From him alone who lights the Stars and Skies.
 In *Cyprus* long, by Men and Gods obey'd,
 The Lover's Toil she gratefully repaid;
 Promiscuous Blessings to her Slaves assign'd,
 And taught the World that Beauty should be kind.
 Learn by this Pattern, all ye Fair, to charm,
 Bright be your Beams, but without scorching warm.

Helen was next, from *Greece* to *Phrygia* brought,
 With much Expence of Blood and Empire sought;
 Beauty and Love the noblest Cause afford,
 That can try Valour, or employ the Sword:
 Not Men alone incited by her Charms,
 But Heav'n's concern'd, and all the Gods take Arms.
 The happy *Trojan*, gloriously possess'd,
 Enjoys the Dame, and leaves to Fate the rest.
 Your cold Reflections, Moralists, forbear,
 His Title's best, who best can please the Fair.
 And now the Gods, in pity to the Cares,
 The fierce Desires, Distractions, and Despairs
 Of tortur'd Men, while Beauty was confin'd,
 Resolv'd to multiply the charming Kind,

Greece

36 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Greece was the Land vwhere this bright Race begun,
 And saw a thousand Rivals to the Sun :
 Hence follow'd Arts, while each employ'd his Care
 In new Productions to delight the Fair.
 To bright *Aspasia*, *Socrates* retir'd;
 His Wisdom grew, but as his Love inspir'd:
 Those Rocks and Oaks which such Emotions felt,
 Were cruel Maids, whom *Orpheus* taught to melt :
 Musick and Songs, and ev'ry way to move
 The ravish'd Heart, were Seeds and Plants of Love.

The Gods, entic'd by so divine a Birth,
 Descend from Heav'n, to this New-Heav'n on Earth.
 Thy Wit, O *Mercury's* no Defence from Love;
 Nor, *Mars*, thy Target; nor thy Thunder, *Jove*.
 The mad Immortals, in a thousand Shapes
 Range the wide Globe. some yield, some suffer Rapes; }
 Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one escapes:
 The Wife, tho' a bright Goddess, thus gives place
 To mortal Concubines of fresh Embrace:
 By such Examples, were we taught to see
 The Life and Soul of Love, is sweet Variety.

In those first Times, ere charming Womankind
 Reform'd their Pleasures, polishing the Mind,
 Rude were their Revels, and obscene their Joys,
 The Broils of Drunkards, and the Lust of Boys :
Phæbus laments for *Hyacinthus* dead;
 And *Juno* jealous, storms at *Ganymed*.

Return, my Muse, and close that odious Scene,
 Nor stain thy Verse with Images unclean :
 Of Beauty sing, her shining Progress view,
 From Clime to Clime the dazling Light pursue,
 Tell how the Goddess spread, and how in Empire grew. }

Let others govern, or defend the State,
 Plead at the Bar, or manage a Debate;

In lofty Arts and Sciences excel,
Or in proud Domes employ their boasted Skill,
To marble and to Braſs ſuch Features give,
The Metal and the Stone may ſeem to live ;
Deſcribe the Stars, and Planetary Way,
And trace the Footſteps of Eternal Day :
Be this, my Muſe, thy Pleaſure and thy Care,
A Slave to Beauty to record the Fair ;
Still wand'ring in Love's ſweet delicious Maze,
To ſing the Triumphs of ſome heav'nly Face,
Of lovely Dames, who with a Smile or Frown,
Subdue the Proud, the ſuppliant Lover crown.
From *Venus* down to *Myra* bring thy Song,
To thee alone ſuch tender Tasks belong.

From *Greece* to *Africa* Beauty takes her Flight,
And ripens with her near Approach to Light :
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of ſwarthy Dames.
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims ;
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd,
Is of all Colours, and by none defin'd.
Jewels that ſhine, in Gold or Silver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in Jet.
Here *Cleopatra*, with a lib'ral Heart,
Bounteous of Love, improv'd the Joy with Art ;
The firſt, who gave recruited Slaves to know
That the rich Pearl was of more Uſe than Show ;
Who with high Meats, or a luxurious Draught,
Kept Love for ever flowing and full fraught.
Julius and *Anthony*, thoſe Lords of all,
Each in his turn preſent the conquer'd Fall.
Thoſe dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the Light
From Pole to Pole, fall dazled at her Sight :
Nor was her Death leſs glorious than her Life,
A conſtant Miſtreſs, and a faithful Wife ;

38 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Her dying Truth some generous Tears would cost,
Had not her Fate * inspir'd *the World well lost* ;
With secret Pride the ravish'd Muses view
The Image of that Death, which *Dryden* drew.

Pleas'd in such happy Climates, warm and bright,
Love for some Ages revell'd with Delight :
The Martial *Moors*, in Gallantry refin'd,
Invent new Arts to make their Charmers kind ;
See in the Lifts, by golden Barriers bound,
In warlike Ranks they wait the Trumpet's Sound.
Some Love-Device is wrought on ev'ry Sword,
And ev'ry Ribbon bears some Mystick Word :
As when we see the winged Winds engage,
Mounted on Coursers foaming Flame and Rage,
Rustling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
North, East, and West, in airy Swiftneſs vie,
One Cloud repuls'd, new Combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring War :
So when the Trumpet sounding gives the Sign,
The jostling Chiefs in rude Rencounter join ;
So meet, and so renew the dextrous Fight,
Each fair Beholder trembling for her Knight ;
Still as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be o'ercome, or none can win.
The Victor from the shining Dame, whose Eyes
Aided his conqu'ring Arm, receives a precious Prize !
Thus flourish'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in State,
*Till the proud *Spaniard* gave these Glories Date ;
Past is the Gallantry, the Fame remains,
Transmitted safe in *Dryden's* lofty Scenes ;

* All for Love, or the World well lost, written by Mr. Dryden.

* *Granada* lost, beheld her Poms restor'd,
 And † *Almahide*, once more by Kings ador'd.
 Love driven thence, to colder *Britain* flies,
 And with bright Nymphs the distant Sun supplies;
 Romances which relate the dreadful Fights,
 The Loves and Prowess of advent'rous Knights,
 To animate their Rage, a Kiss, record
 From *Britain's* fairest Nymph, was the Reward,
 Thus antient to Love's Empire was the Claim
 Of *British* Beauty, and so wide the Fame,
 Which like our Flag upon the Seas gives Law,
 By Right avow'd, and keeps the World in awe.

Our gallant Kings, of whom large Annals prove
 The mighty Deeds, stand as renown'd for Love;
 A Monarch's Right o'er Beauty they may claim,
 Lords of that Ocean from whence Beauty came.
 Thy *Rosamond*, Great *Henry*, on the Stage,
 By a late Mule presented in our Age,
 With aking Hearts and flowing Eyes we view,
 While that dissembled Death presents the true:
 In ‡ *Bracegirdle* the Persons so agree,
 That all seems real the Spectators see.

Of *Scots*, and *Gauls* defeated, and their Kings
 Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever sings;
 Like thy high Deeds thy noble Loves are prais'd,
 Who hast to Love the noblest Trophy rais'd:
 Thy Statues, *Venus*, tho' by *Phidias'* Hand
 Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand;
 The Magick of thy shining Zone is past,
 But *Salisbury's* Garter shall for ever last,

* The Conquest of *Granada*, written by Mr. Dryden.
 † The Part of *Almahide*, perform'd by Mrs. Eleanor
 Gwyn, Mistress to King Charles II.
 ‡ A famous Actress.

40 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Which thro' the World by living Monarchs worn,
Adds Grace to Scepters, and does Crowns adorn.

If such their Fame, who gave these Rites divine-
To sacred Love, O what Dishonour's thine,
Forgetful Queen, who sever'd that bright * Head
Which charm'd two mighty Monarchs to her Bed!
Hadst thou been born a Man, thou hadst not err'd,
Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty been prefer'd.
But oh! what mighty Magick can assuage
A Woman's Envy, and a Bigot's Rage!

Love tir'd at length, Love that delights to smile,
Flying * from Scenes of Horror, quits our Isle;
With *Charles* the *Cupids* and the *Graces* gone,
In Exile live; for Love and *Charles* were One.
With *Charles* he wanders, and for *Charles* he mourns;
But oh how fierce the Joy when *Charles* returns!
As eager Flames, with Opposition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a Vent;
As a fierce Torrent bounded in his Race,
Forcing his Way, rows with redoubled Pace;
From the loud Palace to the silent Grove,
All by the King's Example live, and love;
The Muses with diviner Voices sing,
And all rejoice to please the Godlike King.

Then *Waller* in immortal Verse proclaims
The shining Court, and all the glitt'ring Dames.
Thy Beauty † *Sidney*, like *Achilles'* Sword,
Resistless stands upon as sure Record;

* *Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.*

† *The Revellion; And Death of King Charles I.*

‡ *The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller, under the Name of Sacharissa.*

The fiercest Hero, and the brightest Dame,
Both sung alike, shall have their Fate the same.

And now, my Muse, a nobler Flight prepare,
And sing so loud, that Heav'n and Earth may hear.
Behold from *Italy* an awful Ray

Of heavenly Light illuminates the Day,
Northward she bends, majestically bright,
And here she fixes her Imperial Light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muse, nor fear to raise
Thy Voice to her, who was thy earliest Praise:
What, tho' the fullen Fates refuse to shine,
Or frown severe, on thy audacious Line;
Keep thy bright Theme within thy steady Sight,
The Clouds shall fly before the dazzling Light,
And everlasting Day direct thy lofty Flight:
Thou who hast never yet put on Disguise
To flatter Faction, or descend to Vice,
Let no vain Fear thy gen'rous Ardour tame,
But stand erect, and sound as loud as Fame.

}

As when our Eyes some Prospect would pursue,
Descending from a Hill, looks round to view,
Passes o'er Lawns and Meadows till it gains
Some fav'rite Spot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal Rapture my transported Muse
Flies other Objects, this bright Theme to chuse.

Queen of our Hearts, and Charmer of our Sight,
A Monarch's Pride, his Glory, and Delight,
Princess ador'd and lov'd, if Verse can give
A deathless Name, thine shall for ever live,
Invok'd where-e'er the *British* Lion roars,
Extended as the Seas that gird the *British* Shoars.
The wise Immortals in their Seats above,
To crown their Labours, still appointed Love;

42 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Phœbus enjoy'd the Goddess of the Sea,
Alcides had *Omphale*, *James* has Thee.
 O happy *James*! Content thy mighty Mind,
 Grudge not the World, for still thy Queen is kind;
 To lye but at whose Feet more Glory brings,
 Than 'tis to tread on Scepters and on Kings:
 Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
 Who wou'd not give their Crowns to be so blest?
 Was *Helen* half so fair, so form'd for Joy,
 Well chose the *Trojan*, and well-burnt was *Troy*.
 But ah! what strange Vicissitudes of Fate,
 What Chance attends on ev'ry worldly State!
 As when the Skies were sackt, the conquer'd Gods,
 Compell'd from Heav'n, forsook their blest Abodes,
 Wand'ring in Woods, they hid from Den to Den,
 And sought their Safety in the Shapes of Men.
 As when the Winds with kindling Flames conspire,
 The Blaze increases as they fan the Fire;
 From Roof to Roof the burning Torrent pours,
 Nor spares the Palace nor the loftiest Tow'rs:
 Or, as the stately Pine erecting high
 Her lofty Branches, shooting to the Sky,
 If riven by the Thunderbolt of *Jove*,
 Down falls at once the Pride of all the Grove,
 Level with lowest Shrubs lyes the tall Head,
 That rear'd aloft, as to the Clouds were spread;
 So———
 But cease, my Muse, thy Colours are too faint,
 Hide with a Veil those Griets which none can paint:
 This Sun is set— But see in bright Array
 What Hosts of Heav'nly Light recruit the Day!
 Love in a shining Galaxy appears
 Triumphant still, and *Grafton* leads the Stars:

Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several Ways
 Invade adoring Crowds, who die to gaze,
 Her Eyes resistless as the Syren's Voice,
 So sweet's the Charm, we make our Fate our Choice.
 Who most resembles her, let next be nam'd,
 * *Villiers*, for Wisdom and deep Judgment fam'd,
 Of a high Race victorious Beauty brings
 To grace our Courts, and captivate our Kings.

With what Delight my Muse to *Sandwich* flies!
 Whose Wit is piercing as her sparkling Eyes;
 Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her airy Wings,
 And tunes her Voice, when she of *Ormond* sings!
 Of radiant *Ormond* only fit to be
 The Successor of beauteous *Offory*.

Richmond's a Title that but nam'd implies
 Majestick Graces and victorious Eyes;
 Fair *Villiers* first, then haughty *Stuart* came,
 And *Brudenal* now no less adorns the Name.
Dorset already is immortal made
 In *Prior's* Verse, nor needs a second Aid.

By *Bentinck*, and fair *Ruttenberg*, we find
 That Beauty to no Climate is confin'd.

Ruperts, of Royal Blood, with modest Grace
 Blushes to hear the Triumphs of her Face.

Not *Helen* with St. *Alban's* might compare:
 Nor let the Muse omit *Scroop*, *Holms*, and *Hare*;
Hyde, *Venus* is, the Graces are *Kildare*. }

Soft and delicious as a Southern Sky
 Are *Dashwood's* Smiles; when † *Darnley* frowns, we die.

* *Countess of Orkney*.

† *Lady Catherine Darnley, Duchess of Buckingham*.

44 POEMS upon several Occasions.

* Careless, but yet secure of Conquest still,
Lu'son unaiming, never fails to kill,
 Guiltless of Pride, to captivate, or shine,
 Bright without Art, she wounds without Design.
 But *Wyndham* like a Tyrant throws the Dart,
 And takes a cruel Pleasure in the Smart;
 Proud of the Ravage that her Beauties make,
 Delights in Wounds, and kills for killing-sake;
 Asserting the Dominion of her Eyes,
 As Heroes fight, for Glory, not for Prize.

The skilful Muses earliest Care has been
 The Praise of never-fading *Mazarine*;
 † The Poet, and his Theme, in spite of Time,
 For ever young, enjoy an endless Prime.
 With charms so numerous *Myra* does surprise,
 The Lover knows not by which Dart he dies;
 So thick the Volley, and the Wound so sure,
 No Flight can save, no Remedy can cure.

‡ Yet dawning in her Infancy of Light,
 O see another *Brudenel* heav'nly bright,
 Born to fulfil the Glories of her Line,
 And fix Love's Empire in that Race divine.

§ Fain wou'd my Muse to *Cecil* bend her Sight,
 But turns astonish'd from the dazzling Light,
 Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy Flight.

O *Kneller*! like thy Pictures were my Song;
 Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil strong;
 These matchless Beauties should recorded be
 Immortal in my Verse, as in thy †† Gallery.

* *Lady Gower.*

† *Monsieur St. Evremont.*

‡ *Lady Molyneux.*

§ *Lady Ranelagh.*

†† *The Gallery of Beauties in Hampton-Court, drawn
 by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

To the Countess of Newbourg, insisting earnestly to be told
who I meant by MIRA.

WITH *Mira's* Charms, and my extreme Despair,
Long had my Muse amaz'd the Reader's Ear,
My Friends, with Pity, heard the mournful Sound,
And all enquir'd from whence the fatal Wound;
Th' astonish'd World beheld an endless Flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So scatter'd Fire from scorch'd *Vesuvius* flies,
Unknown the Source from whence those Flames arise:
Egyptian Nile so spreads its Waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its Head unsound.

Mira her self touch'd with the moving Song,
Would needs be told to whom those Complaints belong;
My timorous Tongue not daring to confess,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess;
Impatient of Excuse, she urges still,
Persists in her Demand, she must, she will;
If silent, I am threaten'd with her Hate;
If Lobby——Ah! what may be my Fate?
Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,
She smiles——the Goddess smiles——and I grow bold.

My Vows to *Mira*, all were meant to thee,
The Praise, the Love, the matchless Constancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal Dames
Were grac'd by Poets, each with several Names;
For *Venus*, *Cytherea* was invoc'd;
Altars for *Pallas*, to *Tritonia* smok'd.
Such Names were theirs; and thou the most divine,
Most lov'd of heav'nly Beauties——*Mira's* thine.

TO M I R A.

I.

SO calm, and so serene, but now
What means this Change on *Mira's* Brow?
Her anguish Love now glows and burns,
Then chills and shakes, and the cold Fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding Looks and Smiles,
When on her Pity I depend,
My airy Hope she soon beguiles,
And laughs to see my Torments never end.

III.

So up the steepy Hill, with Pain,
The weighty Stone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the Lab'rer to renew his Toils.

TO M I R A.

LOST in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn destroys
She will, and she will not, she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving, and rejecting in a Breath,
Now proff'ring Mercy, now presenting Death.
Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
How various are the Torments I endure!
Cruel Estate of Doubt! Ah, *Mira*, try
Once to resolve——— or let me live, or die.

To M I R A.

I.

THoughtful Nights, and restless Waking,
Oh, the Pains that we endure!
Broken Faith, unkind Forfaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours,
What a Race has Love to run!
False protesting, fleeting Favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

III.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, Passion rending,
Oh! the Pangs of Jealousy!

IV.

From such painful ways of living,
Ah! how sweet could Love be free!
Still presenting, still receiving,
Fierce, immortal Ecstasy.

SONG to M I R A.

WH Y should a Heart so tender, break?
O *Mira*! give its Anguish Ease;
The Use of Beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex, but please.

Those Lips for smiling were design'd;
That Bosom to be prest;
Your Eyes to languish, and look kind;
For amorous Arms, your Waist.

Each

48 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Each thing has its appointed Right
 Establish'd by the Powers above;
 The Sun to give us Warmth and Light,
Mira to kindle Love.

To M Y R A.

S I N C E Truth and Constancy are vain,
 Since neither Love, nor Sense of Pain,
 Nor force of Reason, can persuade,
 Then let Example be obey'd.

In Courts and Cities, cou'd you see
 How well the wanton Fools agree,
 Were all the Curtains drawn, you'd find
 Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above
 With *Venus*, and the Wife of *Jove*,
 Exposing ev'ry Beauty bare,
 Descended to the *Trojan* Heir;
 Yet this was she whom Poets name
 Goddess of Chastity and Fame.

Penelope, her Lord away,
 Gave am'rous Audiences all Day;
 Now round the Bowl the Suitors sit,
 With Wine provoking Mirth and Wit:
 Then down they take the stubborn Bow;
 Their Strength it seems she needs must know:
 Thus twenty chearful Winters past,
 She's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.

Smile *Myra* then, reward my Flame,
 And be as much secure of Fame:
 By all those matchless Beauties fir'd,
 By my own matchless Love inspir'd,

So will I sing, such Wonders write,
That when th' astonish'd World shall cite
A Nymph of spotless Worth and Fame,
Myra shall be th' immortal Name.

SONG to MYRA.

FORSAKEN of my kindly Stars,
Within this melancholy Grove
I waste my Days and Nights in Tears,
A Victim to ungrateful Love.

The happy still untimely end,
Death flies from Grief, or why shou'd I
So many Hours in Sorrow spend,
Wishing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Pow'rs! take Pity of my Pain,
This, only this, is my Desire;
Ah! take from *Myra* her Disdain,
Or let me with this Sigh expire.

To MYRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my stubborn Heart?
O Death, how slow to take my part!
Whatever I pursue, denies.
Death, Death it self, like *Myra* flies.

II.

Love and Despair, like Twins, possess't
At the same fatal Birth my Breast;
No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
That to my destin'd Lot cou'd fall,

D

III.

50 POEMS upon several Occasions.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love cou'd dwell
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
Like Plants, that kindly Heat require,
To be maintain'd by constant Fire.

IV.

That without Hope 'twou'd die as soon,
A little Hope——— But I have none:
On Air the poor *Camelions* thrive,
Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

V.

As toughest Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow in spight of Winds, and spread;
The more the Tempest tears and shakes
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

VI.

Despair, that *Aconite* does prove,
And certain Death to other's Love;
That Poison, never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turns to Food.

VII.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless Smart?
Like sad *Prometheus*, thus to lye
In endless Pain, and never dye.

PHYLLIS drinking.

I.

WHILE *Phyllis* is drinking, Love and Wine in
ance,
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance,
By the touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire.

II.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As Flowers by Sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
Each Dart dipt in Wine, gives a Wound beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more enduring.

III.

Then *Phyllis*, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss, and a Glass, be still going round,
Relieving each other, our Pleasures are lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

To MIRA.

I.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd Fair,
What is it awes my timorous Heart?
Why do's my Tongue forbear?

II.

With the least Glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous Pow'r have *Mira's* Charms,
She calms my Doubts, enslaves my Mind,
And all my Rage disarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,
When gazing on that Form Divine,
Her injur'd Vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her Slave repine.

The Enchantment. In Imitation of THEOCRITUS.

MIX, mix the Philters, quick—the flies, she flies,
Deaf to my Call, regardless of my Cries.
Are Vows so vain? Could Oaths so feeble prove?
Ah! with what Ease she breaks those Chains of Love!

52 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Whom Love with all his Force had bound in vain,
Let Charms compel, and magick Rites regain.

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,
Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

Queen of the Night, bright Empress of the Stars,
The Friend of Love, assist a Lover's Cares;
And thou, infernal *Hecate*, be nigh,
At whose Approach fierce Wolves affrighted fly:
Dark Tombs disclose their Dead, and hollow Cries
Echo from under ground——— Arise, arise.

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,
Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

As crackling in the Fire this Lawrel lies,
So, struggling in Love's Flame, her Lover dies;
It bursts, and in a Blaze of Light expires,
So may she burn, but with more lasting Fires.

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,
Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

As the Wax melts, which to the Flame I hold,
So may she melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough Iron will yield, and stubborn Marble run,
And hardest Hearts by Love are melted down. . .

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,
Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

As with impetuous Motion, whirling round,
This magick Wheel still moves, yet keeps its Ground,
Ever returning, so may she come back,
And never more th' appointed Round forsake.

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,
Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

Diana, hail! all hail! most welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal King and Judges bow;
O thou, whose Art the Power of Hell disarms,
Upon a faithless Woman try thy Charms.

Hark

Hark! the Dogs howl, she comes, the Goddess comes,
Sound the loud Trump, and beat our brazen Drums.

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,
Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

How calm's the Sky! how undisturb'd the Deep!

Nature is hush'd, the very Tempests sleep;

The drowsy Winds breathe gently thro' the Trees,

And silent on the Beach, repose the Seas:

Love only wakes; the Storm that tears my Breast

For ever rages, and distracts my Rest:

O Love! relentless Love! Tyrant accurst,

In Desarts bred, by cruel Tygers nurs'd!

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,

Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

This Ribbon, that once bound her lovely Waist,

O that my Arms might gird her there as fast!

Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more

Than the rich Zone th' *Idalian* Goddess wore:

This Ribbon, this lov'd Relic of the Fair,

So kist, and so preserv'd — thus — thus I tear.

O Love! why dost thou thus delight to rend

My Soul with Pain? Ah! why torment thy Friend?

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,

Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.

Thrice have I sacrific'd, and prostrate thrice

Ador'd: Assist, ye Powers, the Sacrifice.

Whoe'er he is whom now the Fair beguiles

With guilty Glances, and with perjur'd Smiles,

Malignant Vapours blast his impious Head,

Ye Lightnings scorch him, Thunder strike him dead;

Horror of Conscience all his Slumbers break,

Distract his Rest, as Love keeps me awake;

If marry'd, may his Wife a *Helen* be,

And curs'd, and scorn'd, like *Menelaus*, He.

54 *P O E M S upon several Occasions:*

Begin, begin, the mystic Spels prepare,
 Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
 These pow'rful Drops, thrice on the Threshold pour,
 And bathe with this enchanted Juice, her Door,
 That Door where no Admittance now is found,
 But where my Soul is ever hovering round.
 Haste, and obey; and binding be the Spel:
 Here ends my Charm: O Love! succeed it well:
 By Force of Magick, stop the flying Fair,
 Bring *Mira* back, my perjur'd Wanderer.
 Thou'rt now alone, and painful is Restraint,
 Ease thy prest Heart, and give thy Sorrows vent;
 Whence sprang, and how began these Griets, declare;
 How much thy Love, how cruel thy Despair.
 Ye Moon and Stars, by whose auspicious Light
 I haunt these Groves, and waste the tedious Night!

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
 Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
 Too late for Hope, for my Repose too soon
 I saw, and lov'd: Her Heart engag'd, was gone;
 A happier Man possess'd whom I adore;
 O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
 Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
 What shall I do? Shall I in Silence bear,
 Destroy my self, or kill the Ravisher?
 Die, wretched Lover, die; but O! beware,
 Hurt not the Man who is belov'd by her;
 Wait for a better Hour, and trust thy Fate,
 Thou seek'st her Love, beget not then her Hate.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
 Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
 My Life consuming with eternal Grief,
 From Herbs, and Spels, I seek a vain Relief;

To every wise Magician I repair
In vain, for still I love, and I despair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sibyl's Books,
Contain not half th' Enchantment of her Looks.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
As melted Gold preserves its Weight the same,
So burnt my Love, nor wasted in the Flame.
And now, unable to support the Strife,
A glimmering Hope recalls departing Life:
My Rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may ask, and she with Honour give.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
Witness, ye Hours, with what unwearied Care,
From Place to Place I still pursu'd the Fair;
Nor was Occasion to reveal my Flame,
Slow to my Succour, for it kindly came.
It came, it came, that Moment of Delight,
O Gods! and how I trembled at the Sight!

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
Dismay'd, and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My fault'ring Tongue in vain for Utterance try'd,
Faint was my Voice, my Thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak Sounds, and broken Accents came,
Imperfect, as Discourses in a Dream.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
Soon she divin'd what this Confusion meant,
And quest with ease the Cause of my Complaint.
My Tongue emboldning as her Looks were mild,
At length I told my Grievs——and still she smil'd.

56 POEMS upon several Occasions.

O Siren ! Siren ! fair Deluder, say,
Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray ?
So faithless now, why gave you Hopes before ?
Alas ! you should have been less kind, or more.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
Secure of Innocence, I seek to know
From whence this Change, and my Misfortunes grow,
Rumour is loud, and ev'ry Voice proclaims
Her violated Faith, and conscious Flames :
Can this be true ? Ah ! flattering Mischief speak ;
Could you make Vows, and in a Moment break ?
And can the Space so very narrow be
Betwixt a Woman's Oath, and Perjury ?
O Jealousy ! all other Ills at first
My Love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst.

Tell, for you know the Burthen of my Heart,
Its killing Anguish, and its secret Smart.
Ungrateful *Mina* ! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore ;
If Passion, dire Revenge, or black Despair,
Should once prevail beyond what Man can bear,
Who knows what I ? Ah ! feeble Rage, and vain !
With how secure a Brow she mocks my Pain :
Thy Heart, fond Lover, does thy Threats belye,
Can'st thou hurt her, for whom thou yet would'st die ?
Nor durst she thus thy just Resentment brave,
But that she knows how much thy Soul's her Slave.

But see ! *Aurora* rising with the Sun,
Dissolves my Charm, and frees th' enchanted Moon ;
My Spels no longer bind at Sight of Day,
And young *Endymion* calls his Love away :
Love's the Reward of all, on Earth, in Heaven,
And for a Plague to me alone was given :

But Ills not to be shunn'd we must endure,
 Death and a broken Heart's a ready Cure.
Cynthia, farewell, go rest thy wearied Light,
 I must for ever wake——— We'll meet again at Night;

THE VISION,

IN lonely Walks, distracted by Despair,
 Shunning Mankind, and torn with killing Care,
 My Eyes o'erflowing, and my frantick Mind
 Rack'd with wild Thoughts, swelling with Sighs the
 Wind;
 Thro' Paths untrodden, Day and Night I rove,
 Mourning the Fate of my successless Love.
 Who most desire to live, untimely fall,
 But when we beg to die, Death flies our Call;
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd Breast
 In midst of Joy, where *Venus* wont to rest;
 That Fate, which cruel seem'd to him, would be
 Pity, Relief, and Happiness to me.
 When will my Sorrows end? In vain, in vain
 I call to Heaven, and tell the Gods my Pain;
 The Gods averse, like *Mira*, to my Pray'r,
 Consent to doom, whom she denies to spare.
 Why do I seek for foreign Aids, when I
 Bear ready by my Side the Pow'r to die?
 Be keen, my Sword, and serve thy Master well;
 Heal Wounds with Wounds, and Love with Death repel:
 Straight up I rose, and to my aching Breast,
 My Bosom bare, the ready Point I prest;
 When lo! astonish'd, an unusual Light
 Pierc'd the thick Shade, and all around grew bright;

D. 5

My

58 POEMS upon several Occasions.

My dazled Eyes a radiant Form behold,
 Splendid with Light, like Beams of burning Gold;
 Eternal Rays his shining Temples grace;
 Eternal Youth sat blooming on his Face.
 Trembling I listen, prostrate on the Ground,
 His Breath perfumes the Grove, and Musick's in the
 * Sound.

Cease, Lover, cease thy tender Heart to vex,
 In fruitless Complaints of an ungrateful Sex.
 In Fate's eternal Volumes it is writ,
 That Women ever shall be Foes to Wit.
 With proper Arts their sickly Minds command,
 And please 'em with the things they understand;
 With noisy Fopperies their Hearts assail,
 Renounce all Sense; how should thy Songs prevail,
 When I, the God of Wit, so oft could fail? }
 Remember me, and in my Story find
 How vainly Merit pleads to Womankind:
 I, by whom all things shine, who tune the Spheres,
 Create the Day, and gild the Night with Stars;
 Whose Youth and Beauty, from all Ages past,
 Sprang with the World, and with the World shall last.
 How oft with fruitless Tears have I implor'd
 Ungrateful Nymphs, and tho' a God, ador'd?
 When could my Wit, my Beauty, or my Youth,
 Move a hard Heart? or, mov'd, secure its Truth?
 Here a proud Nymph, with painful Steps I chase,
 The Winds out-flying in our nimble Race;

* Apollo.

Stay.

Stay, *Daphne*, stay ——— In vain, in vain I try
To stop her Speed; redoubling at my cry,
O'er craggy Rocks and rugged Hills she climbs;
And tears on pointed Flints her tender Limbs:
'Till caught at length, just as my Arms I fold;
Turn'd to a Tree she yet escapes my Hold.

In my next Love, a different Fate I find,
Ah! which is worse, the False, or the Unkind?
Forgetting *Daphne*, I* *Coronis* chose,
A kinder Nymph ——— too kind for my Repose:
The Joys I give, but more provoke her Breast,
She keeps a private Drudge to quench the rest;
How, and with whom, the very Birds proclaim
Her black Pollution, and reveal my Shame.
Hard Lot of Beauty! fatally bestow'd,
Or given to the False, or to the Proud;
By different ways they bring us equal Pain;
The False betray us, and the Proud disdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd; from mortal Loves I fly;
To seek more Truth in my own native Sky:
Venus, the fairest of immortal Loves,
Bright as my Beams, and gentle as her Doves,
With glowing Eyes, confessing warm Desires,
She summons Heaven and Earth to quench her Fires;
Me she excludes, and I in vain adore,
Who neither God nor Man refus'd before;

* *A Nymph belov'd by Apollo, but at the same time had a private Intrigue with one Iphis, which was discover'd by a Crow.*

60 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Vulcan, the very Monster of the Skies,
Vulcan she takes, the God of Wit denies.

Then cease to murmur at thy *Mira*'s Pride,
 Whimsy, not Reason, is the female Guide;
 The Fate, of which their Master does complain,
 Is of bad Omen to th' inspired Train.
 What Vows have fail'd? Hark how *Catullus* mourns,
 How *Ovid* weeps, and slighted *Gallus* burns;
 In melting Strains see gentle *Waller* bleed,
 Unmov'd she heard, what none unmov'd can read,
 And thou, who oft with such ambitious Choice,
 Hast rais'd to *Mira* thy aspiring Voice,
 What Profit thy neglected Zeal repays?
 Ah what Return? Ungrateful to thy Praise!

Change, change thy Style, with mortal Rage return
 Unjust Disdain, and Pride oppose to Scorn;
 Search all the Secrets of the Fair and Young,
 And then proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy Tongue;
 The sharp Detractor with Success assails,
 Sure to be gentle to the Man that rails;
 Women, like Cowards, tame to the Severe,
 Are only fierce when they discover Fear.

Thus spake the God; and upward mounts in Air,
 In just Resentment of his past Despair,
 Provok'd to Vengeance, to my Aid I call
 The Furies round, and dip my Pen in Gall:
 Not one shall 'scape of all the cozening Sex,
 Vext shall they be, who so delight to vex.
 In vain I try, in vain to Vengeance move
 My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender Love;
 Such Magick rules my Heart, whate'er I write
 Turns all to soft Complaint, and am'rous Flight.
 Be gone, fond Thoughts, be gone, be bold, said I,
 Satyr's thy Theme.—— In vain again I try,

So charming *Mira* to each Sense appears,
 My Soul adores, my Rage dissolves in Tears.
 So the gall'd Lion, smarting with his Wound,
 Threatens his Foas, and makes the Forest sound,
 With his strong Teeth he bites the bloody Dart,
 And tares his Side with more provoking Smart,
 Till having spent his Voice in fruitless Cries,
 He lays him down, breaks his proud Heart, and dies.

Adieu Li' A M O U R.

HERE end my Chains, and Thraldom cease,
 If not in Joy, I'll live at least in Peace :
 Since for the Pleasures of an Hour,
 We must endure an Age of Pain,
 I'll be this abject thing no more,
 Love give me back, my Heart again.
 Despair tormented first my Breast,
 Now Falshood, a more cruel Guest :
 O! for the Peace of Humankind,
 Make Women longer true, or sooner kind;
 With Justice, or with Mercy reign,
 O Love! or give me back my Heart again.

L O V E.

TO Love, is to be doom'd, on Earth to feel
 What after Death the Tortur'd meet in Hell.
 The Vulture dipping in *Prometheus'* Side
 His bloody Beak, with his torn Liver dy'd,
 Is Love: The Stone that labours up the Hill,
 Mocking the Lab'ers Toil, returning still,

62 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Is Love: Those Streams where *Tantalus* is curst
To sit, and never drink, with endless Thirst,
Those laden Boughs that with their Burthen bend
To court his Taste, and yet escape his Hand,
All this is Love, that to dissembled Joys
Invites vain Men, with real Grief destroys:

M E D I T A T I O N on D E A T H.

I.

E NOUGH, enough, my Soul, of worldly Noise,
Of aery Poms, and fleeting Joys;
What does this busy World provide at best,
But brittle Goods that break like Glafs,
But poison'd Sweets, a troubled Feast,
And Pleasures like the Winds, that in a Moment pass?
Thy Thoughts to nobler Meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is Beauty? Ah! how vain,
And how short-liv'd those Glories are;
That vex our Nights and Days with Pain;
And break our Hearts with Care!
In Dust we no Distinction see;
Such *Helen* is, such *Mira*, thou must be.

III.

How short is Life! why will vain Courtiers toil,
And croud a vainer Monarch for a Smile?
What is that Monarch but a mortal Man?
His Crown a Pageant, and his Life a Span?
With all his Guards and his Dominions, He
Must sicken too, and die as well as We.

IV.

IV.

Those boasted Names of Conquerors and Kings,
Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things :
One destin'd Period Men in common have,
The Great, the Base, the Coward, and the Brave, }
All Food alike for Worms, Companions in the Grave.
The Prince and Parasite together lie,
No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high.

E S S A Y

Upon unnatural Flights in POETRY.

AS when some Image of a charming Face
In living Paint, an Artist tries to trace,
He carefully consults each beauteous Line,
Adjusting to his Object, his Design,
We praise the Piece, and give the Painter Fame,
But as the just Resemblance speaks the Dame,
Poets are Limners of another kind,
To copy out Ideas in the Mind ;
Words are the Paint by which their Thoughts are shown,
And Nature sits, the Object to be drawn ;
The written Picture we applaud, or blame,
But as the due Proportions are the same.

Who driven with ungovernable Fire,
Or void of Art, beyond these Bounds aspire,
Gigantick Forms, and monstrous Births alone
Produce, which Nature shockt, disdains to own;
By true Reflexion I would see my Face,
Why brings the Fool a Magnifying Glass ?

(1) " But Poetry in Fiction takes delight,
" And mounting in bold Figures out of sight,
" Leaves Truth behind, in her audacious Flight:

" Fables

64 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

“ Fables and Metaphors that always lye,
 “ And rash Hyperboles that soar so high,
 “ And every Ornament of Verse must die.

}
 I

Mistake me not: No Figures I exclude,
 And but forbid Intemperance, not Food.
 Who would with care some happy Fiction frame,
 So mimicks Truth, it looks the very same;
 Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's Scorn,
 But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
 Important Truths still let your Fables hold,
 And moral Mysteries with Art unfold.
 Ladies and Beaux to please, is all the Task,
 But the sharp Critick will Instruction ask.

(2) As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
 Such Metaphors appear when right apply'd,
 When thro' the Phrase we plainly see the Sense,
 Truth, where the Meaning's obvious, will dispense;
 The Reader what in Reason's due, believes,
 Nor can we call that false, which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
 Disdaining bounds, are yet by Rules control'd;
 Above the Clouds, but still within our Sight,
 They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring Flight,
 Presenting things impossible to view,
 They wander thro' incredible to True:
 Falshoods thus mix'd, like Metals are refin'd,
 And truth, like Silver, leaves the Dross behind.

Thus Poetry has ample Space to soar,
 Nor needs forbidden Regions to explore:
 Such Vaunts as his, who can with Patience read,
 Who thus describes his Hero slain and dead:

(4)

(4) " Kill'd as † he was, insensible of Death,

" He still fights on, and scorns to yield his Breath.

The noisy Culverin o'recharg'd, lets fly,

And burst unaiming in the rended Sky :

Such frantick Flights are like a Mad-man's Dream,

And Nature suffers in the wild Extreme.

The captive Canibal weigh'd down with Chains,

Yet braves his Foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,

Of Nature fierce, untameable, and proud,

He grins Defiance at the gaping Croud,

And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,

With Looks still threatening, mocks their Rage, and dies.

This is the utmost Stretch that Nature can,

And all beyond is fulsom, false, and vain.

Beauty's the Theme; some Nymph divinely fair

Excites the Muse : Let Truth be even there :

As Painters flatter, so may Poets too,

But to Resemblance must be ever true.

(5) " The * Day that she was born, the Cyprian Queen

" Had like t' have dy'd thro' Envy and thro' Spleen,

" The Graces in a hurry left the Shies

" To have the Honour to attend her Eyes;

" And Love, despairing in her Heart a Place,

" Would needs take up his Lodging in her Face.

Tho' wrote by great Corneille, such Linesak these,

Such civil Nonfense sure could never please.

Waller, the best of all th' inspir'd Train,

To melt the Fair, instructs the dying Swain.

† Ariosto.

* Corneille,

66 POEMS upon several Occasions.

(6) The † *Roman* Wit, who impiously divides
His Hero, and his Gods to different Sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of Sense
Th' admiring World still stands in his Defence.
How oft, alas! the best of Men in vain
Contend for Blessings which the worst obtain!
The Gods, permitting Traitors to succeed,
Become not Parties in an impious Deed:
And by the Tyrant's Murder, we may find
That *Cato* and the Gods were of a Mind.

Thus forcing Truth with such prepost'rous Praise,
Our Characters we lessen, when we'd raise:
Like Castles built by magick Art in Air,
That vanish at Approach, such Thoughts appear;
But rais'd on Truth, by some judicious Hand,
As on a Rock they shall for Ages stand.

(7) Our King § return'd, and banish'd Peace restor'd,
The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd Lord;
On the crack'd Stage the Bedlam Heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable Word;
Dryden himself, to please a frantick Age,
Was forc'd to let his Judgment stoop to Rage,
To a wild Audience he conform'd his Voice,
Comply'd to Custom, but not err'd by Choice:
Deem then the Peoples, not the Writer's Sin,
Almanzor's Rage, and Rants of *Maximin*;
That Fury spent in each elaborate Piece,
He vies for Fame with antient *Rome* and *Greece*:

† *Lucan*.

§ *King Charles II.*

First **Mulgrave* rose, *Roscommon* next, like Light;
To clear our Darkness, and to guide our Flight;
With steady Judgment, and in lofty Sounds,
They gave us Patterns, and they set us Bounds;
The *Stagirite* and *Horace* laid aside,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign Guide:
Who seek from Poetry a lasting Name,
May in their Lessons learn the Road to Fame;
But let the bold Adventurer be sure
That every Line the Test of Truth endure,
On this Foundation may the Fabrick rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the Skies.

From Pulpits banish'd, from the Court, from Love,
Forlaken truth seeks Shelter in the Grove;
Cherish, ye Muses! the neglected Fair,
And take into your Train th' abandon'd Wanderer.

* *Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry; and Lord Roscommon's upon Translated Verse.*

EXPLA-

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

ON THE

FOREGOING POEM.

(1) **T**HE Poetick World is nothing but Fiction; *Parnassus*, *Pegasus*, and the *Muses*, pure Imagination and Chimæra: But being however a System universally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this Foundation, according to Nature, shall be reputed as Truth; but whatsoever shall diminish from, or exceed the just Proportions of Nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass for Extravagance; as Dwarfs and Giants, for Monsters.

(2) When *Homer*, mentioning *Achilles*, terms him a *Lion*, this is a Metaphor, and the Meaning is obvious and true, tho' the literal Sense be false, the Poet intending thereby to give his Reader some Idea of the Strength and Fortitude of his Hero. Had he said, that Wolf, or that Bear, this had been false, by presenting an Image not conformable to the Nature and Character of a Hero, &c.

(3) *Hyperboles* are of diverse sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: Some are as it were naturalized and established by a customary way of Expression; as when we say, such a one's as swift as the Wind, whiter than Snow, or the like. *Homer* speaking of *Ne-reus*, calls him, Beauty it self; *Martial* of *Zoilus*, Lewdness it self. Such *Hyperboles* lie indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore *Seneca* terms them Lies that readily conduct our Imagination to Truths, and have an intelligible Signification, tho' the Expression be strain'd beyond Credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for *Hyperboles*, for Example, by Irony; as when we say of some infamous Woman, She's a civil Person, where

where the Meaning's to be taken quite opposite to the Letter. These few Figures are mentioned only for Example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like Care and Discretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant Flight; I remember one of *British* Growth of the like Nature:

*See these dead Bodies hence convey'd with Care,
Life may perhaps return——with change of Air.*

But I chuse rather to correct gently, by foreign Examples, hoping that such as are conscious of the like Excesses will take the Hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible for some Tempers to maintain Rage and Indignation to the last Gasps; but the Soul and Body once parted, there must necessarily be a Determination of Action.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this Occasion, as an Example for the present Purpose, two noble Lines of *Jasper May's*, in the Collection of the *Oxford Verses* printed in the Year 1643, upon the Death of my Grandfather Sir *Bevil Granville*, slain in the heat of Action at the Battle of *Lansdowne*. The Poet, after having described the Fight, the Soldiers animated by the Example of their Leader, and enraged at his Death, thus concludes,

*Thus he being slain, his Action fought anew,
And the Dead conquer'd, whilst the Living flew.*

This is agreeable to Truth, and within the Compass of Nature: It is thus only that the Dead can act.

(5) *Le jour qu'elle naquit, Venus bin qu'Immortelle,
Pensa mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle,
Les graces a l'envi descendirent des Cieux
Pour avoir l'honneur d'accompagner ses yeux,*

*Est l'Amour, qui ne pût entrer dans son courage,
Voulus obstinément loger sur son Visage.*

This is a Lover's Description of his Mistress, by the great *Corneille*; civil, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any Body turn over *Waller*, and he will see how much more naturally and delicately the *English* Author treats the Article of Love, than this celebrated *Frenchman*. I would not however be thought by any derogatory Quotation to take from the Merit of a Writer whose Reputation is so universally and so justly established in all Nations; but as I said before, I rather choose, where any Failings are to be found, to correct my own Countrymen by foreign Examples, than to provoke them by Instances drawn from their own Writings. *Humanum est errare*. I cannot forbear one Quotation more from another celebrated *French* Author. It is an Epigram upon a Monument for *Francis* the first King of *France*, by way of Question and Answer, which in *English* is *verbatim* thus,

Under this Marble, who lies buried here?

Francis the Great, a King beyond compare.

Why has so great a King, so small a Stone?

Of that great King here's but the Heart alone.

Then of this Conqueror here lies but part?

No, ——— here he lies all ——— for he was all Heart.

The Author was a *Gascon*, to whom I can properly oppose no body so well as a *Welshman*, for which purpose I am farther furnished from the forementioned Collection of *Oxford Verses*, with an Epigram by *Martin Lluellin* upon the same Subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a Boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better Examples than from the very Seat and Nursery of the *Muses*?

Thus

*Thus slain, thy valiant † Ancestor did lie,
When his one Bark a Navy did defy;
When now encompass'd round, he Victor stood,
And bath'd his Pinnacle in his conquering Blood,
Till all the purple Current dry'd and spent,
He fell, and made the Waves his Monument.
Where shall the next fam'd Granvill's Ashes stand?
Thy Grandfire's fills the Sea, and thine the Land.*

I cannot say the two last Lines, in which consists the Sting or Point of the Epigram, are strictly conformable to the Rule herein set down; the Word *Ashes*, metaphorically, can signify nothing but Fame; which is meer Sound, and can fill no Space either of Land or Sea: The *Welshman* however must be allow'd to have out-done the *Gascon*. The Fallacy of the *French* Epigram appears at first Sight; but the *English* strikes the Fancy, suspends and dazles the Judgment, and may perhaps be allow'd to pass under the Shelter of those daring Hyperboles, which by presenting an obvious Meaning, make their way, according to *Seneca*, through the incredible to true.

(6) *Victrix Causa Displacuit, sed Victa Casoni.*

The Consent of so many Ages having establish'd the Reputation of this Line, it may perhaps be Presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that *Cato*, who is described to be a Man of rigid Morals and strict Devotion, more resembling the Gods, than Men, would have chosen any Party in opposition to those Gods whom he profess to adore. The Poet would give us to understand, that his Hero was too righteous a Person to accompany the Divinities themselves in an unjust Cause; but to represent a mortal Man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may shew the Impiety of the Writer, but add nothing to the Merit of the Hero; neither Reason nor Religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt

Be.

† Sir Richard Granville, Vice-Admiral of England, in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintain'd a Fight with his single Ship against the whole Armada of Spain, consisting of fifty three of their best Men of War.

Being to be more excellent than a divine: Success implies Permission, and not Approbation; to place the Gods always on the thriving Side, is to make them Partakers of all successful Wickedness: To judge right, we must wait for the Conclusion of the Action; the Catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence, and the violent Death of *Caesar* acquits the Gods from being Companions of his Usurpation.

Lucan was a determin'd Republican, no wonder he was a Free-thinker.

(7) Mr. *Dryden* in one of his Prologues has these two Lines;

*He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
There is a Mode in Plays, as well as Cloaths.*

From whence it is plain where he has exposed himself to the Criticks; he was forced to follow the Fashion to humour an Audience, and not to please himself. A hard Sacrifice to make for present Subsistence, especially for such as would have their Writings live as well as themselves. Nor can the Poet whose Labours are his daily Bread, be deliver'd from this cruel Necessity, unless some more certain Encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain Profits of a Third Day, and the Theatre be put under some more impartial Management than the Jurisdiction of Players. Who write to live, must unavoidably comply with their Taste by whose Approbation they subsist; some generous Prince, or Prime Minister like *Richieu*, can only find a Remedy. In his Epistle Dedicatory to the *Spanish Friar*, this incomparable Poet thus censures himself.

“ I remember some Verses of my own, *Maximus*
“ and *Almazor*, which cry Vengeance upon me for
“ their Extravagance, &c. All I can say for those Passages, which are I hope not many, is, that I know
“ they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote
“ them; but I repent of them among my Sins: And if
any

any of their Fellows intrude by chance into my present Writings, I draw a Stroke over those *Dalilah's* of the Theatre, and am resolved I will settle my self no Reputation by the Applause of Fools: 'Tis not that I am mortified to all Ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witred Judges, as I should to raise an Estate by cheating of Bubbles: Neither do I discommend the lofty Style in Tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime, that is not just and proper.

This may stand as an unanswerable Apology for Mr. *Dryden*, against his Criticks: And likewise for an unquestionable Authority to confirm those Principles which the foregoing Poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be just and proper but what is built upon Truth.

EPIGRAMS and CHARACTERS, &c.

INSCRIPTION for a Figure representing the GOD of LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy Lord and Master see,
Thou wast my Slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

DEFINITION of LOVE.

LOVE is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroy'd by Knowledge, and at best,
Lost in the Moment 'tis possess'd.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to Cards may be compar'd; we play
A Round or two, when us'd, we throw away,
Take a fresh Pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty Leaving.

The RELIEF.

OF two Reliefs to ease a love-sick Mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair; I urge, be kind:

E

Flavia

74 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

Flavia, be kind, the Remedy's as sure,
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest Cure.

*Sent to CLARINDA with a Novel, entitled, Les malheurs
de l'Amour.*

HASTE to *Clarinda*, and reveal
Whatever Pains poor Lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the Fair
That I endure much more for her:
Who'd truly know Love's Pow'r or Smart,
Must view her Eyes, and read my Heart.

Written in her PRAYER-BOOK.

IN vain, *Clarinda*, Night and Day
For Pity to the Gods you pray;
What Arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

S O N G to the same.

IN vain a thousand Slaves have try'd
To overcome *Clarinda's* Pride:
Pity pleading,
Love persuading,
When her Icy Heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.
Foolish Creature,
Follow Nature,
Waste not thus your Prime;
Youth's a Treasure,
Love's a Pleasure,
Both destroy'd by Time.

On the same.

CLARINDA, with a haughty Grace,
In scornful Postures sets her Face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give us Love, and take from none.

The

Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
 If you're too proud to ease my Pain,
 I am too proud for your Dildain.

Her NAME.

GUESS, and I'll frankly own her Name
 Whose Eyes have kindled such a Flame;
 The *Spartan* or the *Cyprian* Queen
 Had ne'er been sung, had she been seen.
 Who set the very Gods at War,
 Were but faint Images of her.
 Believe me, for by Heav'n's 'tis true!
 The Sun in all his ample View
 Sees nothing half so fair or bright,
 Not ev'n his own reflected Light.
 So sweet a Face! such graceful Mien!
 Who can this be?—'Tis *Howard*——or *Ballenden*.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her Wish, she weds a Peer,
 Her weighty Train two Pages scarce can bear;
Persia, and both the *Indies* must provide,
 To grace her Pomp, and gratify her Pride;
 Of rich *Bey* side a shining Robe she wears,
 And Gems surround her lovely Neck, like Stars;
 Drawn by six greys of the proud *Belgian* kind,
 With a long Train of Livery Beaux behind,
 She charms the Park, and sets all Hearts on fire,
 The Lady's Envy, and the Mens Desire.
 Beholding thus, O happy as a Queen!
 We cry; but shift the gaudy flattering Scene;

76 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

View her at home, in her Domestick Light,
 For thither she must come, at least at Night;
 What has she there ? A surly ill-bred Lord,
 Who chides, and snaps her up at every Word;
 A brutal Sot, who while she holds his Head,
 With drunken Filth bedawbs the nuptial Bed;
 Sick to the Heart, she breathes the nauseous Fume
 Of odious Steams, that poison all the Room;
 Weeping all Night the trembling Creature lies,
 And counts the tedious Hours when she may rise :
 But most she fears, lest waking she should find,
 To make amends, the Monster would be kind;
 Those matchless Beauties, worthy of a God,
 Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome Load ;
 What then may be the Chance that next ensues ?
 Some vile Disease, fresh reeking from the Stews;
 The secret Venom circling in her Veins,
 Works thro' her Skin, and bursts in bloating Stains;
 Her Cheeks their Freshness lose, and wonted Grace,
 And an unusual Paleness spreads her Face ;
 Her Eyes grow dim, and her corrupted Breath
 Tainting her Gums, infects her Iv'ry Teeth ;
 Of sharp, nocturnal Anguish she complains,
 And, guiltless of the Cause, relates her Pains.
 The conscious Husband, whom like Symptoms seize,
 Charges on her the Guilt of their Disease ;
 Affecting Fury acts a Madman's Part,
 He'll rip the fatal Secret from her Heart ;
 Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand Names ;
 In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims ;
 Scarce with her Life she 'scapes, expos'd to Shame,
 In Body tortur'd, murder'd in her Fame,
 Rots with a vile Adulteress's Name.

Abandon'd by her Friends, without Defence,
And happy only in her Innocence.

Such is the Vengeance the just Gods provide
For those who barter Liberty for Pride,
Who impiously invoke the Pow'rs above
To witness to false Vows of mutual Love.
Thousands of poor *Clara's* may be found,
Such Husbands, and such wretched Wives abound.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! the Arbiters of Bliss,
Preserve *Clarinda* from a Fate like this;
You form'd her fair, not any Grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a Spark too much of Pride.
Reform that Failing, and protect her still;
O save her from the Curse of choosing ill!
Deem it not Envy, or a jealous Care,
That moves these Wishes, or provokes this Pray'r;
Tho' worse than Death I dread to see those Charms
Allotted to some happier Mortals Arms,
Tormenting Thought! yet could I bear that Pain,
Or any Ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my Love forgets his own,
Nor frames one Wish, but for her sake alone;
Whome'er the Gods have destin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

C L O E.

IMPATIENT with Desire, at last
I ventur'd to lay Forms aside;
'Twas I was modest, not She chaste,
Cleo, so gently press'd, comply'd.
With idle Awe, an am'rous Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear;

78 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Say, Love, how came your Slave so dull,
 To read no better there?
 Thus to our selves the greatest Foes,
 Altho' the Nymph be well inclin'd;
 For want of Courage to propose,
 By our own Folly she's unkind.

† Mrs. C L A V E R I N G, singing.

W H E N we behold her Angel Face;
 Or when she sings with heavenly grace,
 In what we hear, or what we see,
 So ravishing's the Harmony,
 The melting Soul in Rapture lost,
 Knows not which Charm enchants it most.
 Sounds that made Hills and Rocks rejoice,
Amphion's Lute, the *Siren's* Voice,
 Wonders with Pain receiv'd for true,
 At once find Credit, and renew;
 No Charms like *Clavering's* Voice surprize,
 Except the Magick of her Eyes.

S O N G.

T H E happiest Mortals once were we,
 I lov'd *Mira*, *Mira* me;
 Each desirous of the Blessing,
 Nothing wanting but possessing;
 I lov'd *Mira*, *Mira* me,
 The happiest Mortals once were we.

† *Afterwards* Lady Cowper.

But

it since cruel Fates dissever,
 torn from Love, and torn for ever,
 Tortures end me,
 Death befriend me;
 Of all Pains, the greatest Pain,
 to love, and love in vain.

The W I L D B O A R ' s Defence.

A Boar who had enjoy'd a happy Reign
 For many a Year, and fed on many a Man,
 All'd to account, soft'ning his savage Eyes,
 thus suppliant, pleads his Cause before he dies.
 For what am I condemn'd? My Crime's no more
 To eat a Man, than yours to eat a Boar:
 We seek not you, but take what Chance provides,
 Nature, and meer Necessity our Guides.
 You murder us in Sport, then dish us up
 At drunken Feasts, a Relish for the Cup:
 We lengthen not our Meals; But you must feast,
 Orge till your Bellies burst———pray who's the Beast?
 With your Humanity you keep a Fuss,
 We are in truth worse Brutes than all of us:
 We prey not on our Kind, but you, dear Brother,
 Out beastly of all Beasts, devour each other:
 Kings worry Kings, Neighbour with Neighbour strives,
 Others and Sons, Friends, Brothers, Husbands, Wives
 Fraud or Force, by Poison, Sword, or Gun,
 Destroy each other, every Mother's Son.

For L I B E R A L I T Y.

—HO' safe thou think'st thy Treasure lies,
 Hidden in Chests from Human Eyes,

80 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

A Fire may come, and it may be
 Bury'd, my Friend, as far from thee.
 Thy Vessel that yon Ocean stems,
 Loaded with golden Dust, and Gems,
 Purchas'd with so much Pains and Cost,
 Yet in a Tempest may be lost.
 Pimps, Whores, and Bawds, a thankless Crew,
 Priests, Pick-pockets, and Lawyers too,
 All help by several ways to drain,
 Thinking themselves for what they gain :
 The Liberal are secure alone,
 For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

C O R I N N A.

CORINNA, in the Bloom of Youth
 Was coy to ev'ry Lover,
 Regardless of the tend'rest Truth,
 No soft Complaint could move her.
 Mankind was hers, all at her Feet
 Lay prostrate and adoring ;
 The Witty, Handsome, Rich, and Great,
 In vain alike imploring.
 But now grown old, she would repair
 Her Loss of Time, and Pleasure ;
 With willing Eyes, and wanton Air,
 Inviting every Gazer.
 But Love's a Summer Flow'r, that dies
 With the first Weather's changing,
 The Lover, like the Swallow, flies
 From Sun to Sun, still ranging.
Mira, let this Example move
 Your foolish Heart to Reason ;

Yot

Truth is the proper Time for Love,
And Age is Virtue's Season.

C L O E.

RIGHT as the Day, and like the Morning, fair,
Such *Cloe* is ——— and common as the Air.

A R E C E I P T for V A P O U R S.

WHY pines my Dear? To *Fulvia* his young Bride,
Who weeping sat, thus aged *Cornus* cry'd.
Alas! said she, such Visions break my Rest,
The strangest Thoughts! I think I am possess'd:
My Symptoms I have told to Men of Skill,
And if I would ——— they say — I might be well.
Take their Advice, said he, my poor dear Wife,
I'll buy at any Rate thy precious Life.
Flushing, she would excuse, but all in vain,
A Doctor must be fetch'd to ease her Pain.
Hard press'd, she yields: From *White's*, or *Will's* or
 Tom's,
No matter which, he's summon'd, and he comes.
The careful Husband, with a kind Embrace
Attends his Care: Then bows, and quits the Place:
For little Ailments oft attend the Fair,
Not decent for a Husband's Eye or Ear.
Something the Dame would say: The ready Knight
Reverts her Speech — Here's that shall set you right,
Madam, said he ——— with that the Doors made close,
He gives deliciously the healing Dose.
Alas! she cries, Ah me! O cruel Cure!
Did ever Woman yet like me endure?

82 POEMS upon several Occasions.

The Work perform'd, up rising gay and light,
 Oid *Cornus* is call'd in to see the Sight;
 A sprightly Red vermilion all her Face,
 And her Eyes languish with unusual Grace:
 With Tears of Joy tresh gushing from his Eyes,
 O wond'rous Pow'r of Art! old *Cornus* cries;
 Amazing Change! astonishing Success!
 Thrice happy I! What a brave Doctor's this!
 Maids, Wives, and Widows, with such Whims op
 May thus find certain Ease.———*Probatum est.*

ON AN ILL-FAVOUR'D LORD.

THAT *Macro's* Looks are good, let no Man do
 Which I, his Friend and Servant———
 makes out.

In every Line of his perfidious Face,
 The secret Malice of his Heart we trace;
 So fair the Warning, and so plainly writ,
 Let none condemn the Light that shows a Pit.
Cozles, whose Face finds Credit for his Heart,
 Who can escape so smooth a Villain's Art?
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace that can persuade,
 Seeing we trust, tho' sure to be betray'd;
 His Looks are Snares: But *Macro's* cry, Beware,
 Believe not, tho' ten thousand Oaths he swear;
 If thou'rt deceiv'd, observing well this Rule,
 Not *Macro* is the Knave, but thou the Fool.
 In this one Point, He and his Looks agree,
 As They betray their Master———so did He.

C L O E.

CLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,
 'Tis well her Heart is tender,
 How might such killing Eyes perplex,
 With Virtue to defend her ?
 But Nature, graciously inclin'd
 With lib'ral Hand to please us,
 Has to her boundless Beauty join'd
 A boundless Bent to ease us.

On the same.

OF injur'd Fame, and mighty Wrongs receiv'd,
Cloe complains, and wondrously's aggriev'd :
 That free, and lavish of a beauteous Face,
 The fairest, and the foulest of her Race ;
 She's mine, or thine, and strolling up and down,
 Sucks in more Filth, than any Sink in Town,
 I not deny : This I have said, 'tis true ;
 What Wrong! to give so bright a Nymph her due.

C O R I N N A.

SO well *Corinna* likes the Joy,
 She vows she'll never more be coy,
 She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleasure ;
 Eternal Draughts do not suffice,
 O! give me, give me more she cries,
 'Tis all too little, little Measure.
 Thus wisely she makes up for Time
 Mispent, while Youth was in its Prime :
 So Travellers who waste the Day,
 Careful and cautious of their Way,

No-

84 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Noting at length the setting Sun,
They mend their Pace as Night comes on,
Double their Speed to reach their Inn,
And whip and spur thro' thick and thin.

C L O E *perfuming herself.*

BELIEVE me, *Cloe*, those perfumes that cost
Such Sums to sweeten thee, is Treasure lost;
Not all *Arabia* would sufficient be,
Thou smell'st not of thy Sweets, they stink of thee.

B E L I N D A.

BELINDA's Pride's an errant Cheat,
A foolish Artifice to blind;
Some honest Glance that scorns Deceit
Does still reveal her native Mind.
With Look demure, and forc'd Disdain,
She idly acts the Saint;
We see thro' this Disguise as plain
As we distinguish Paint.
So have I seen grave Fools design,
With formal Looks to pass for wise;
But Nature is a Light will shine,
And break thro' all Disguise.

I N P R O M P T U.

*Written under a Picture of the Countess of SANDWICH,
drawn in Mans Habit.*

WHEN *Sandwich* in her Sex's Garb we see,
The Queen of Beauty then she seems to be:

Now

Now fair *Adonis* in this Male Disguise,
Or little *Cupid*, with his Mother's Eyes.
No Style of Empire chang'd by this Remove,
Who seem'd the Goddesses, seems the God of Love.

To my Friend Mr. JOHN DRYDEN. On his several excellent
Translations of the ancient Poets.

AS Flower's transplanted from a Southern Sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raising die,
Missing their native Sun, at best retain
But a faint Odour, and survive with Pain:
Thus ancient Wit, in modern Numbers taught,
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote,
Is a dead Image, and a senseless Draught.
While we transfuse the nimble Spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy *Roman* Wit desire,
Must imitate with *Roman* Force and Fire,
In Elegance of Style, and Phrase the same,
And in the sparkling Genius, and the Flame;
Whence we conclude from thy translated Song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong;
Celestial Poet! Soul of Harmony!
That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy Trumpet sounds, the Dead are rais'd to Light,
Never to die, and take to Heav'n their Flight;
Deck'd in thy Verse, as clad with Rays they shine,
All glory'd, immortal, and divine.

As *Britain* in rich Soil, abounding wide,
Furnish'd for Use, for Luxury, and Pride,
Yet spreads her wanton Sails on ev'ry Shore
For foreign Wealth, insatiate still of more;

86 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

To her own Wool the Silks of *Asia* joins;
 And to her plenteous Harvests, *Indian* Mines:
 So *Dryden*, not contented with the Fame
 Of his own Works, tho' an immortal Name,
 To Lands remote, sends forth his learned Muse,
 The noblest Seeds of foreign Wit to choose;
 Feasting our Sense so many various ways,
 Say, is't thy Bounty? Or thy Thirst of Praise?
 That by comparing others, all might see,
 Who most excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

A Morning HYMN to the Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright *Hamilton*, arise,
 Goddess of Love, and of the Day;
 Awake, disclose thy radiant Eyes,
 And shew the Sun a brighter Ray.
Phæbus in vain calls forth the blushing Morn,
 He but creates the Day which you adorn.
 The Lark, that wont with warbling Throat
 Early to salute the Skies,
 Or sleeps, or else suspends his Note,
 Disclaiming Day till you arise.
 Goddess, awake, thy Beams display,
 Restore the Universe to Light,
 When *Hamilton* appears, then dawns the Day;
 And when she disappears, begins the Night.
 Lovers, who watchful Vigils keep,
 (For Lovers never, never sleep)
 Wait for the Rising of the Fair,
 To offer Songs and Hymns of Pray'r;
 Like *Persians* to the Sun,
 Ev'n Life, and Death, and Fate are there:

For in the Rolls of ancient Destiny,
Th' inevitable Book, 'twas noted down,
The Dying should revive, the Living die,
As *Hamilton* shall smile, as *Hamilton* shall frown.

CHORUS.

Awake, bright *Hamilton*. arise,
Goddess of Love, and of the Day,
Awake, disclose thy radiant Eyes,
And shew the Sun a brighter Ray.
Phabus in vain calls forth the bushing Morn,
He but creates the Day, which you adorn.

DRINKING SONG to SLEEP.

GREAT God of Sleep, since it must be,
That we must give some Hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free Bowl
Glow's in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul;
That be my only Time to snore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very short be then thy Reign,
For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But O! if melting in my Arms,
In some soft Dream, with all her Charms,
The Nymph below'd should then surprize,
And grant what waking she denies;
Then, gentle Slumber, pr'ythee stay,
Slowly, Ah! slowly bring the Day,
Let no rude Noise my Bliss destroy,
Such sweet Delusion's real Joy.

*Written under Mrs. HARE's Name, upon a Drinking
Glass.*

THE Gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love prepare,
With chearful Bowls to celebrate the Fair:

Love

88 **P O E M S** upon several Occasions.

Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite Toast,
And *Har*'s the Goddess that delights him most;
Phœbus approves, and bids the Trumpet sound,
And *Bacchus* in a Bumper sends it round.

Under the Dutechefs of BOLTON's.

LOVE's keenest Darts are radiant *Bolton's* Care,
Which the bright Goddess poisons with Despair:
The God of Wine the dire Effect foresees,
And sends the Juice that gives the Lover Ease.

Under the Lady HARPER's Name.

TO *Harper*, sprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the rosy Morn in *May*,
Fill to the Brim: I'll drink it up
To the last Drop, were poison in the Cup.

Under the Lady MARY VILLIER's Name.

IF I not love you, *Villiers*, more
Than ever Mortal lov'd before,
With such a Passion fixt and sure,
As ev'n Possession could not cure,
Never to cease but with my Breath;
May then this Bumper be my Death.

CUPID DISARM'D. *To the Princess D'AUVERGNE.*

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he stood gazing on her Face,
Enchanted with each matchless Grace,
Lost in the Trance, he drops the Dart,
Which never fails to reach the Heart:
She seizes it, and arms her Hand,
" 'Tis thus I Love himself command;

" Now

" Now tremble, cruel Boy, she said,
 " For all the Mischief you have made."
 The God, recovering his Surprise,
 Trusts to his Wings, away he flies,
 Swift as an Arrow cuts the Wind,
 And leaves his whole Artillery behind.
 Princess, restore the Boy his uselefs Darts,
 With surer Charms you captivate our Hearts;
 Love's Captives oft their Liberty regain,
 Death only can release us from your Chain.

EXPLICATION en FRENCH.

CUPIDON Desarmé. Fable pour Madame la Princesse
 D'AUVERGNE.

CUPIDON prenant plaisir de se trouver toujours
 auprès d'elle, charmé de la voir, charmé de l'en-
 tendre : Comme il admiroit un jour ses graces inimitables,
 dans cette distraction de son Ame & de ses Sens, il laisse tom-
 ber ce Dard fatal qui ne manque jamais de percer les Cœurs.
 Elle le ramasse soudain, & s'armant la belle main.

" C'est ainsi, dit Elle, que je me rend Maitresse de l'A-
 " mour, tremblez, Enfant malin, je veux vanger tous les
 " maux que tu as fait."

Le Dieu étonné, revenant de sa surprise, se fiant à ses
 Ailes, s'échappe, & s'en vole vite comme une Fleche qui fend
 l'Air, & lui laisse la possession de toute son Artillerie.

Princesse rendez lui ses Armes qui vous sont inutiles : La
 Nature vous a donnée des Charms plus puissants : Les
 Captives de l'Amour souvent recouvrent la Liberté ; Il n'y a
 que la mort seule qui puisse affranchir les vôtres.

BACCHUS

90 POEMS upon several Occasions.

BACCHUS DISARM'D. To Mrs. LAURA DILLON
now Lady Falkland.

BACCHUS to Arms, the Enemy's at hand.
Laura appears; Stand to your Glasses, stand,
The God of Love, the God of Wine defies,
Behold him in full march, in *Laura's* Eyes:
Bacchus to Arms, and to resist the Dart,
Each with a faithful Brimmer guard his Heart.

Fly, *Bacchus*, fly, there's Treason in the Cup,
For Love comes pouring in with every Drop;
I feel him in my Heart, my Blood, my Brain,
Fly, *Bacchus*, fly, Resistance is in vain,
Or craving Quarter, crown a friendly Bowl
To *Laura's* Health, and give up all thy Soul.

THYRSIS and DELIA.

SONG in DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA, how long must I despair,
And tax you with Disdain,
Still to my tender Love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When Men of equal Merit love us,
And do with equal Ardour sue,
Thyrsis, you know but one must move us;
Can I be yours and *Strephon's* too?

My Eyes view both with mighty Pleasure,
Impartial to your high Desert,
To both a like, Esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my Heart.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Mysterious Guide of Inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant, why am I,
With equal Merit, equal Passion,
Thus the Victim chosen to die?
Why am I
The Victim chosen to die?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends Success,
And Fancy Reason over-rules,
Or, why shou'd Virtue ever miss
Reward, so often giv'n to Fools?

'Tis not the Valiant nor the Witty,
But who alone is born to please,
Love does predestinate our Pity;
We chuse but whom he first decrees.

A Latin INSCRIPTION on a Medal for Lewis XIV. of
FRANCE.

PROXIMUS *et similis regnas, Ludovice, Tenanti,*
Vino summam, summa cum pietate, geris,
Magnus es expansis alis, sed Maximus Armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde seris.
Quin Cœant toto Titannia Fœdera Rheno,
Illæ Aquilæ tansum, Gallia fulmen habet.

English'd, and apply'd to Queen ANNE.

NEXT to the Thunderer let *Anna* stand,
In Piety supreme, as in Command;
Fam'd for victorious Arms and generous Aid,
Young *Austria's* Refuge, and fierce *Bourbon's* Dread.
Titannian Leagues in vain shall brave the *Rhine*,
When to the Eagle, you the 'Thunder join.

92 POEMS upon several Occasions.

URGANDA's Prophecy. Spoken by way of Epilogue
at the first Representation of the BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

PROPHETICK Fury rolls within my Breast,
And as at *Delphos*, when the foaming Priest
Full of his God, proclaims the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come;
My lab'ring Mind so struggles to unfold
On *British* Ground a future Age of Gold;
But lest incredulous you hear——— behold:

}

Here a Scene representing the QUEEN, and the several Triumphs of Her Majesty's Reign.

High on a Throne appears the martial Queen,
With Grace sublime, and with imperial Mien;
Surveying round her, with impartial Eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
Next to her Side, victorious *Mælbroy* stands,
Waiting, observant of her dread Commands;
The *Queen* ordains, and like *Alcidas*, He
Obeys, and executes her high Decree.
In ev'ry Line of her auspicious Face
Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
So Angels look, and so when Heav'n decrees,
They scourge the World to Piety and Peace.

Empress and Conquerer, Hail! thee Fates ordain
O'er all the willing World sole Arbitress to reign;
To no one People are thy Laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but Guardian of Mankind;
Sure Hope of all who dire Oppression bear,
For all th' Opprest become thy instant Care.
Nations of Conquest proud, thou tam'st to free,
Denouncing War, presenting Liberty;
The Victor to the vanquish'd yields a Prize,
For in thy Triumph their Redemption lies;

Freedom

Freedom and Peace, for ravish'd Fame you give,
 Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve.
 So the Sun scorches, and revives by turns,
 Requiting with rich Metals where he burns.

Taught by this great Example to be just,
 Succeeding Kings shall well fulfil their Trust;
 Discord, and War, and Tyranny shall cease,
 And jarring Nations be compell'd to Peace;
 Princes and States, like Subjects shall agree
 To trust her Pow'r, safe in her Piety.

Prologue to the BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by Observation find it true,
 'Tis harder much to please themselves than you;
 To weave a Plot, to work and to refine
 A labour'd Scene; to polish ev'ry Line:
 Judgment must swear, and feel a Mother's Pains:
 Vain Fools! thus to disturb and rack their Brains,
 When more indulgent to the Writer's Ease,
 You are too good to be so hard to please;
 No such convulsive Pangs it will require
 To write the pretty things which you admire.

Our Author, then to please you, in your way,
 Presents you now a Bauble of a Play;
 In jingling Rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,
 He fights entrench'd o'er Head and Ears in Song.
 If here and there some evil-fated Line,
 Shou'd chance thro' Inadvertency to shine,
 Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no Offence,
 But begs you for the love of Song and Dance,
 To pardon all the Poetry and Sense.

}

94 P O E M S *upon several Occasions.*

Epilogue designed for the same.

W I T once, like Beauty, without Art or Dress,
 Naked, and unadorn'd, could find Success,
 Till by Fruition, Novelty destroy'd,
 The Nymph must find new Charms to be enjoy'd.
 As by his Equipage the Man you prize,
 And Ladies must have Gems beside their Eyes:
 So fares it too with Plays; in vain we write,
 Unless the Musick and the Dance invite,
 Scarce *Hamlet* clears the Charges of the Night.
 Would you but fix some Standard how to move,
 We would transform to any thing you love;
 Judge our Desire by our Cost and Pains,
 Sure the Expence, uncertain are the Gains.
 But tho' we fetch from *Italy* and *France*
 Our Fopperies of Tune, and Mode of Dance,
 Our sturdy *Brisons* scorn to borrow Sense:
 Howe'er to foreign Fashions we submit,
 Still every Fop prefers his Mother Wit.
 In only Wit this Constancy is shown,
 For never was that errant Changeling known,
 Who for another's Sense would quit his own.

Our Author would excuse these youthful Scenes,
 Begotten at his Entrance in his Teens:
 Some childish Fancies may approve the Toy,
 Somelike the Muse the more for being a Boy;
 And Ladies should be pleas'd, if not content,
 To find so young a thing, not wholly impotent.
 Our Stage-Reformers too he would disarm,
 In Charity so cold, in Zeal so warm;
 And therefore to atone for Stage Abuses,
 And gain the Church-Indulgence for the Mules,
 He gives his Thirds ——— to charitable Uses.

Prologue

Prologue to Mr. BEVIL HIGGONS' excellent Tragedy, call'd,
The GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

YOUR Cornick Writer is a common Foe,
None can intrigue in Peace, or be a Beau,
Nor wanton Wife, nor Widow can be sped,
Not even * *Ruffel* can inter the Dead,
But straight this Censor, in his Whim of Wit,
Strips, and presents you naked to the Pit.
Thus Criticks should, like these, be branded Foes,
Who for the Poison only, suck the Rose;
Snarling and carping, without Wit or Sense;
Impeach Mistakes, o'erlooking Excellence,
As if to ev'ry Fop it might belong,
Like Senators to censure, right or wrong.

But generous Minds have more heroick Views,
And Love and Honour are the Themes they choose.
† From yon bright Heav'n our Author fetch'd his Fire,
And paints the Passions that your Eyes inspire;
Full of that Flame, his tender Scenes he warms,
And frames his Goddesses by your matchless Charms.

Epilogue to the JEW of VENICE.

EACH in his Turn, the Poet ‡, and the Priest §,
Have view'd the Stage, but like false Prophets guest,
The Man of Zeal, in his Religious Rage,
Would silence Poets, and reduce the Stage;

* *Ruffel, a famous Undertaker for Funerals. Alluding to a Comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, entitled, The Funeral.*

† *To the Ladies.*

‡ *Mr. Dryden's Prologue to the Pilgrim.*

§ *Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.*

The

96 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

The Poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
 On Kings the Scandal, and bespatters Courts.
 Both err: For without mincing, to be plain,
 The Guilt's your own of ev'ry odious Scene:
 The present Time still gives the Stage its Mode,
 The Vices that you practise, we explode;
 We hold the Glass, and but reflect your Shame,
 Like *Spartans*, by exposing, to reclaim.
 The Scribler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to dine,
 And to your Genius must conform his Line;
 Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to submit:
 Would you encourage Sense, Sense would be writ.
 Good Plays we try, which after the first Day,
 Unseen we act, and to bare Benches play;
 Plain Sense, which pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
 Is lost, without the Garniture of Show:
 At vast Expence we labour to our Ruin,
 And court your Favour with our own Undoing;
 A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,
 But to be tax'd and beaten —— is the Devil.
 How was the Scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
 When *Timon*, without Musick, moraliz'd?
Shakespear's Sublime in vain entic'd the Throng,
 Without the Aid of *Purcell's* Siren Song.
 In the same antique Loom these Scenes were wrought,
 Embellish'd with good Morals, and just Thought;
 True Nature in her noblest Light you see,
 Ere yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,
 To 'ruffling Jests, and fuisome Ribaldry.
 What Rust remains upon the shining Mass,
 Antiquity must privilege to pass.
 'Tis *Shakespear's* Play, and if these Scenes miscarry,
 Let *Gorman* * take the Stage —— or Lady *Mary* †.

* *A famous Prize-Fighter.*

† *A famous Rope-dancer so call'd.*

Prologue to the SHE-GALLANTS; Or, Once a Lover and
always a Lover.

AS quiet Monarchs that on peaceful Thrones,
In Sports and Revels, long had reign'd like Drones,
Rouzing at length, reflect with Guilt and Shame,
That not one Stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame;
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the past,
To bold Attempts, and rugged Labours haste:
Our Poet so, with like concern reviews
The youthful Follies of a love-sick Muse;
To am'rous Toils, and to the silent Grove,
To Beauty's Snares, and to deceitful Love
He bids farewell; His Shield and Lance prepares,
And mounts the Stage, to bid immortal Wars.

Vice, like some Monster, suff'ring none t' escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her Shape:
Here, like some General, she struts in State,
While Crouds in red and blue her Orders wait;
There, like some pensive Statesman treads demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make Destruction sure:
Now under high Commodore, with Looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy Colours deck'd;
Then in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
Allows all Freedom, but to see the Face.
In Pulpits and at Bar she wears a Gown,
In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Resolv'd to combat with this motley Beast
Our Poet comes to strike one Stroke at least.

His Glais he means not for this Jilt or Beau,
Some Features of you all he means to show,
On chosen Heads, nor lets the Thunder fall,
But scatters his Artillery——at all.

Yet to the Fair he fain would Quarter show,
His tender Heart recoils at ev'ry Blow;

98 P O E M S *upon several Occasions.*

If unawares he gives too smart a Stroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

O D E *on the present Corruption of Mankind. Inscr'd
to the Lord FALKLAND.*

I.

O FALKLAND! Offspring of a gen'rous Race,
Renown'd for Arms and Arts, in War and Peace.
My Kinsman, and my Friend! from whence this Curse
Entail'd on Man, still to grow worse and worse?

II.

Each Age industrious to invent new Crimes,
Strives to outdo in Guilt preceding Times;
But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our Sons to add.

III.

That Idol, Gold, possesses ev'ry Heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is Art;
Virtue is Folly; Conscience is a Jest;
Religion Gain, or Priestcraft at the best.

IV.

Friendship's a Cloak to hide some treach'rous End,
Your greatest Foe, is your professing Friend;
The Soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
The Wound is deepest, and the Stroke most sure.

V.

Justice is bought and sold; the Bench, the Bar
Plead and decide but Gold's th' Interpreter.
Pernicious Metal! thrice accurst be he
Who found thee first; all Evils spring from thee.

VI.

Sires sell their Sons, and Sons their Sires betray;
And Senates vote, as Armies fight, for Pay;
The Wife no longer is restrain'd by Shame,
But has the Husband's Leave to play the Game.

VII.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mixt Embrace
Succeeds, of spurious Mold, a puny Race;
From such Defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty! is now thy Prop?

VIII.

Not such the Men who bent the stubborn Bow,
And learnt in rugged Sports to dare a Foe:
Not such the Men who fill'd with Heaps of Slain
Fam'd *Agincourt* and *Cressy's* bloody Plain.

IX.

Haughty *Britannia* then, inur'd to Toil,
Spread far and near the Terrors of her Isle;
True to herself, and to the publick Weal,
No *Gallie* Gold could blunt the *British* Steel.

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in Arms wert set,
Eager for Glory on th' embattled Green,
When *Scamhope* led thee thro' the Heats of *Spain*,
To die in Purple *Almanara's* Plain.

XI.

The rescued *Empire*, and the *Gaul* subdu'd,
In *Anna's* Reign, our ancient Fame renew'd:
What *Britons* cou'd, when justly rous'd to War,
Let *Blenheim* speak, and witness *Gibraltar*.

F O R T U N E. Epigram.

W H E N Fortune seems to smile; 'tis then I fear
Some lurking Ill, and hidden Mischief near:
Us'd to her Frowns, I stand upon my Guard,
And arm'd in Virtue, keep my Soul prepar'd.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain, but of her Constancy.

— *Virtutem à me,*
Fortunam ex aliis. —

PELEUS and THETIS.

A MASQUE, Set to MUSICK.

The ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the Assistance of Proteus obtains her Favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus in Despair consults Prometheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology; upon whose Prophecy, that the Son born of Thetis should prove greater than his Father, Jupiter desists. The Prophecy was afterwards verifi'd in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Peleus.

Persons in the MASQUE.

JUPITER.	}	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.		THETIS.

The SCENE represents Mount Caucasus; Prometheus appears chain'd to a Rock, a Vulture gnawing his Breast. Peleus enters, addressing himself to Prometheus.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D on Caucasus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain Pain, uncertain of Relief,
True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!
To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given
To view the Planetary Way,
To penetrate Eternal Day,
And to revolve the Starry Heaven.
To thee, *Prometheus*, I complain,
And bring a Heart as full of Pain.

PROMETHEUS.

From *Jupiter* spring all our Woes,
Thetis is *Jove's*, who once was thine:

'Tis

'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose
 Thy Torturer, and mine.
 Contented with Despair,
 Resign the Fair,
 Resign, Resign;
 Or, wretched Man, prepare
 For change of Torments, great as mine.

PELEUS.

In change of Torment would be Ease;
 Could you divine what Lovers bear,
 Ev'n you, *Prometheus*, wou'd confess
 There is no Vulture like Despair.

PROMETHEUS.

Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour,

PELEUS.

Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain:

THETIS entering, they repeat together.

Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain.

THETIS.

Peleus, unjustly you complain.

PROMETHEUS and *PELEUS.*

Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain:

THETIS.

Peleus, unjustly you complain,

The Gods, alas! no Refuge find
 From Ills resistless Fates ordain:

I still am true——— and would be kind:

PELEUS.

To love and to languish

To sigh and complain,

How cruel's the Anguish!

How tormenting the Pain!

102 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Suing,
Pursuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the Curse of Disdain,
How tormenting's the Pain!
To love, &c.

THE TIS.

Accursed Jealousy!
Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,
'Thro' which all Objects false we see,
Accursed Jealousy!
Thy Rival, *Peleus*, rules the Sky,
Yet I so prize thy Love,
With *Peleus* I wou'd choose to die,
Rather than reign with *Jove*.

*A Clap of Thunder; JUPITER appears, descending
upon his Eagle.*

But see, the mighty Thund'rer's here;
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly;

The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

*A full Chorus of Voices and Instruments as JUPITER
is descending.*

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty Thund'rer's here;
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

[*JUPITER being descended.*]

JUPITER.

Presumptuous Slave, Rival to *Jove*,
How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defy

P O E M S upon several Occasions. 103

A Goddess with audacious Love,
And irritate a God with Jealousy ?
Presumptuous Mortal ——— hence ———
Tremble at Omnipotence.

P E L E U S.

Arm'd with Love and *Thetis* by,
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But *Jove* himself defy.
Jove, lay thy Thunder down ;
Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,
There is more Terror in her Frown,
And fiercer Light'ning in her Eye:
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But *Jove* himself defy.

J U P I T E R.

Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder,
Haste, ye *Cyclops*, with your forked Rods,
This Rebel Love braves all the Gods.
Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder.
E L E U S and *T H E T I S*, holding fast by one another.
Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

J U P I T E R.

Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder.

P E L E U S and T H E T I S.

Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

T H E T I S to J U P I T E R.

Thy Love still arm'd with Fate,
Is dreadful as thy Hate :

O might it prove to me,
So gentle *Peless* were but free ;
O might it prove to me
Is fatal as to lost consuming *Semele* !

104 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Thy Love still arm'd with Fate,
Is dreadful as thy Hate.

PROMETHEUS to JUPITER.

Son of *Saturn*, take Advice
From one whom thy severe Decree
Has furnish'd Leisure to grow wise :
Thou rul'st the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

[The PROPHECY.]

Whoe'er th' immortal Maid compressing,
Shall taste Joy, and reap the Blessing,
Thus th' unerring Stars advise :
From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise,
Paternal Glories to efface
The most illustrious of his Race,
Tho' sprang from him who rules the Skies.

JUPITER [Apart.]

Shall then the Son of *Saturn* be undone,
Like *Saturn*, by an impious Son ?
Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,
Dooming that Son to be the Sire
Of such another Son.
Conscious of Ills that I have done,
My Fears to Prudence shall advise ;
And Guilt that made me great, shall make me wise.
The fatal Blessing I resign ;

Peleus, take the Maid divine : [Giving her to *Peleus*,
Jove consenting, she is thine ;

The fatal Blessing I resign. [Joins their Hands.

PELEUS.

Heav'n had been lost, had I been *Jove*,
There is no Heav'n, there is no Heav'n but Love.

PELEUS

POEMS upon several Occasions. 105.

PELEUS and THETIS, together.

There is no Heav'n but Love,

No, no, no,

There is no Heav'n but Love.

JUPITER to PROMETHEUS.

And thou, the Stars Interpreter,

'Tis just I set thee free,

Who giv'st me Liberty:

Arise, and be thy self a Star.

'Tis just I set thee free,

Who giv'st me Liberty.

*The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of PROMETHEUS.
his Chains fall off, and he is borne up to Heaven with
JUPITER to a loud Flourish of all the Instruments.*

PELEUS and THETIS run into each others Arms.

PELEUS.

Fly, fly to my Arms; to my Arms;

Goddess of immortal Charms!

To my Arms, to my Arms, fly, fly,

Goddess of transporting Joy!

But to gaze

On thy Face,

Thy gentle Hand thus pressing,

Is heav'nly, heavenly Blessing.

O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Loft in sweet tumultuous Dying.

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

THETIS.

You tremble, *Peleus* ——— So do I ———

Ah stay! and we'll together die.

Immortal, and of Race divine.

My Soul shall take its Flight with thine:

F. 5.

Life.

106 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Life dissolving in Delight,
Heaving Breast, and swimming Sight,
Falt'ring Speech, and gasping Breath,
Symptoms of delicious Death,
Life dissolving in Delight,
My Soul is ready for the Flight.

O my Soul,

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loft in sweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

Both together repeat.

PELEUS and THETIS.

O my Soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loft in sweet tumultuous Dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

CHORUS of all the Voices and Instruments Singing and
Dancing.

When the Storm is blown over,
How blest is the Swain,
Who begins to discover
An End of his Pain!

When the Storm, &c.

The Mask concludes with Variety of Dances.

T H E



T H E
British Enchanters :
O R,
V O M A G I C K *like* L O V E.
A
D R A M A T I C K P O E M.
W I T H
S C E N E S, M A C H I N E S, M U S I C K,
and D E C O R A T I O N S, &c.



Persons Names.

M E N.

Celius, a British King. Father to *Oriana*.

Constantius, a Roman Emperor, design'd for Marriage with *Oriana*.

Amadis of Gaul, a famous Knight Adventurer, in love with *Oriana*.

Florestan, his Companion, in love with *Corisanda*.

Arcalaus, a wicked Enchanter, Enemy to *Amadis*.

Lucius, a Roman, of the Emperor's Train.

W O M E N.

Oriana, in love with *Amadis*, but given in Marriage to *Constantius*.

Corisanda, betrothed to *Florestan*.

Urganda, a good Enchantress, Friend to *Amadis*.

Arcabon, Sister to *Arcalaus*.

Delia, an Attendant to *Urganda*.

Troops of Magicians attending the several Enchanters. Knights and Ladies, Captives. Men and Women attending the British Court. Priests, or Druids. Romans attending Constantius. Singers, Dancers, &c.

S C E N E *the King's Palace, and Parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.*

T H E P R E F A C E.

OF all publick Spectacles, that, which should properly be called an *OPERA*, is calculated to give the highest Delight. There is hardly any Art but what is required to furnish towards the Entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every Sense, and please every Palate.

The Poet has a two-fold Task upon his Hands in the Dramatick, and the Lyrick: The Architect, the Painter, the Composer, the Actor, the Singer, the Dancer, &c. have each of them their several Employments in the Preparation, and in the Execution.

The same Materials indeed, in different Hands, will have different Success; all depends upon a skilful Mixture of the various Ingredients: A bad Artift will make but a meer Hodge-podge with the same Materials that one of a good Taste shall prepare an excellent Olio.

The Seasoning must be Sense; unless there is where-withal to please the Understanding, the Eye and the Ear will soon grow tired.

The *French* Opera is perfect in the Decorations, the Dancing, and Magnificence; the *Italian* excels in the Musick and Voices; but the Drama falls short in both.

An *English* Stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a Regale of nothing but Sweet-meats.

An Opera is a kind of Ambigu: The Table is finely illuminated, adorned with Flowers and Fruits, and every thing that the Season affords fragrant or delightful to the
Eye

P R E F A C E.

Eye or the Odour; but unless there is something too for the Appetite, 'tis odds but the Guests break up dissatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the Poet alone to provide for that, in the Choice of his Fable, the Conduct of his Plot, the Harmony of his Numbers, the Elevation of his Sentiments, and the Justness of his Characters. In this consists the Solid and the Substantial.

The Nature of this Entertainment requires the Plot to be formed upon some Story in which Enchanters and Magicians have a principal Part: In our modern Heroick Poems, they supply the Place of the Gods with the Ancients, and make a much more natural Appearance by being Mortals, with the Difference only of being endowed with supernatural Power.

The Characters should be great and illustrious; the Figure the Actor makes upon the Stage, is one part of the Ornament; by consequence the Sentiments must be suitable to the Characters in which Love and Honour will have the principal Share.

The Dialogue, which in the *French* and *Italian* is set to Notes, and sung, I would have pronounced; if the Numbers are of themselves harmonious, there will be no need of Musick to set them off; a good Verse, well pronounced, is in it self musical; and Speech is certainly more natural for Discourse, than Singing.

Can any thing be more preposterous than to behold *Cato*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Alexander the Great*, strutting upon the Stage in the figure of Songsters, perlonated by Eunuchs?

The Singing, therefore, should be wholly applied to the Lyrical part of the Entertainment, which, by being freed from a tiresome, unnatural Recitative, must certainly administer more Reasonable Pleasure.

The several Parts of the Entertainment should be so suited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none; and the Connexion should be such, that not one should be able to subsist without the other; like Embroidery, so fixt and wrought into the Substance, that no Part of the Ornament could be removed, without tearing the Stuff.

To

P R E F A C E.

To introduce Singing and Dancing, by Head and Shoulders, no way relative to the Action, does not turn a Play into an Opera; tho' that Title is now promiscuously given to every Farce sprinkled here and there with a Song and a Dance.

The richest Lace, ridiculously set on, will make but a Fool's Coat.

I will not take upon me to criticise what has appeared of this kind on the *English* Stage: We have several Poems under the Name of Dramatick Operas by the best Hands; but in my Opinion the Subjects for the most part have been improperly chosen; Mr. *Addison's Rosamond*, and Mr. *Congreve's Semele*, tho' excellent in their kind, are rather *Maiques*, than Operas.

As I cannot help being concern'd for the Honour of my Country, even in the minutest things, I am for endeavouring to out-do out Neighbours in Performances of all Kinds.

Thus, if the Splendor of the *French* Opera, and the Harmony of the *Italian*, were so skilfully interwoven with the Charms of Poetry, upon a regular Dramatick Bottom, as to instruct, as well as delight, to improve the Mind, as well as ravish the Sense, there can be no doubt but such an Addition would entitle our *English* Opera to the Preference of all others. The third Part of the Encouragement, of which we have been so liberal to Foreigners for a Consort of Musick only, mis-call'd an Opera, would more than effect it.

In the Construction of the following Poem, the Author has endeavoured to set an Example to his Rules; Precepts are best explained by Examples; an abler Hand might have executed it better. However, it may serve for a Model to be improv'd upon, when we grow weary of Scents of low Life, and return to a Taste of more generous Pleasures.

We are reproached by Foreigners with such unnatural Irregularities in our Dramatick Pieces, as are shocking to all other Nations; even a *Swiss* has play'd the Critick upon us, without considering the, are as little approved by the Judicious in our own. A Stranger who is ignorant of the Language, and incapable of judging

P R E F A C E.

of the Sentiments, condemns by the Eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he sees: When *Oedipus* breaks his Neck out of a Balcony, and *Jocasta* appears in her Bed, murdering herself and her Children, instead of moving Terror, or Compassion, such Spectacles only fill the Spectator with Horror: No wonder if Strangers are shock'd at such Sight, and conclude us a Nation hardly yet civiliz'd, that can seem to delight in them. To remove this Reproach, it is much to be wished our Scenes were less bloody, and the Sword and Dagger more out of Fashion. To make some amends for this Exclusion, I would be less severe as to the Rigour of some other Laws enacted by the Masters, tho' it is always advisable to keep as close to them as possible; but Reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the Nature of certain Subjects proper for moving the Passions, may require a little more Latitude, and then, without Offence to the Criticks sure, there may be room for a saving in Equity from the Severity of the common Law of *Parnassus*, as well as of the *Kings-Bench*. To sacrifice a principal Beauty, upon which the Success of the whole may depend, is being too strictly tied down; in such a Case, *Summum jus*, may be *Summa injuria*.

Corneille himself complains of finding his Genius often cramped by his own Rules: ' There is infinite Difference (says he) between Speculation and Practice: Let the severest Critick make the trial, he will be convinc'd by his own Experience, that upon certain Occasions too strict an Adherence to the Letter of the Law, shall exclude a bright Opportunity of shining, or touching the Passions. Where the Breach is of little moment, or can be contrived to be as it were, imperceptible in the Representation, a gentle Dispensation might be allowed. " To those little Freedoms he attributes the Success of his *Cyd*: But the rigid Legislators of the Academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the Venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinion'd, the *French Muse* must always flutter, like a Bird with the Wings cut, incapable of a lofty Flight.

The

P R E F A C E.

The Dialogue of their Tragedies is under the same Constraint as the Construction; not a Discourse, but an Oration; not Speaking, but Declaiming; not free, natural, and easy, as Conversation should be, but precise, set, formal Argumenting, *Pro* and *Con*, like Disputants in a School. In Writing, like Dress, is it not possible to be too exact, too starched, and too formal? Pleasing Negligence I have seen: Who ever saw pleasing Formality?

In a Word, all Extreames are to be avoided. To be a *French* Puritan in the *Drama*, or an *English* Latitudinarian, is taking different Paths to be both out of the Road. If the *British* Muse is too unruly, the *French* is too tame; one wants a Curb, the other a Spur.

By pleading for some little Relaxation from the utmost Severity of the Rules, where the Subject may seem to require it, I am not bespeaking any such Indulgence for the present Performance: Tho' the Antients have left us no Pattern to follow of this Species of Tragedy, I perceive, upon Examination, that I have been attentive to their strictest Lessons.

The Unities are religiously observed: The Place is the same, varied only into different Prospects by the Power of Enchantment: All the Incidents fall naturally within the very Time of Representation: The Plot is one principal Action, and of that kind which introduces variety of Turns and Changes, all tending to the same Point: The Ornaments and Decorations are of a Piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other: Every Act concludes with some unexpected Revolution: And in the End, Vice is punished, Virtue rewarded, and the Moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the Dialogue of graver Tragedy, seems to me the most proper Style for Representations of this Heroick Romantick kind, and best adapted to accompany Musick. The solemn Language of a haughty Tyrant will by no means become a passionate Lover, and tender Sentiments require the softest Colouring.

The Theme must govern the Style, every Thought, every Character, every Subject of a different Nature,
must

P R E F A C E.

must speak a different Language. An humble Lover's gentle Address to his Mistress would rumble strangely in the *Milsewick* Dialect; and the soft Harmony of Mr. *Waller's* Numbers would as ill become the Mouths of *Lustifer* and *Belzebub*. The Terrible, and the Tender, must be set to different Notes of Musick.

To conclude. This Dramatick Attempt was the first Essay of a very infant Muse, rather as a Task at such Hours as were free from other Exercises, than any way meant for publick Entertainment: But Mr. *Betterson* having had a casual Sight of it many Years after it was written, begg'd it for the Stage, where it found so favourable a Reception, as to have an uninterrupted Run of at least Forty Days. The Separation of the principal Actors, which soon followed; and the Introduction of the *Italian* Opera, put a Stop to its farther Appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of Life, the Faults might have been fewer: However, upon revising it now, at so great a Distance of Time, with a cooler Judgment than the first Conceptions of Youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say, *Scriptisse pudet*.

ACT



ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a Symphony of all sorts of Instruments of Musick. The Scene represents an Enchanted Grove, adorn'd and beautified with Fountains, Statues, &c. Urganda and Delia performing some solemn Ceremony of Enchantment. A full Stage of Singers and Dancers.

Urganda and Delia.

Urg. **SOUND**, found, ye Winds, the rended Clouds divide,

Fright back the Priest, and save a trembling Bride;
Assist an injur'd Lover's faithful Love :
An injur'd Lover's Cause is worthy *Jove*.

Del. Successful is our Charm : The Temple shakes,
The Altar nods, th' astonish'd Priest forsakes
The hallow'd Shrine, starts from the Bridegroom's Side,
Breaks off the Rites, and leaves the Knot unt'y'd.

Urg. Ye sweet Musicians of the Sky,
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting Notes all Magick else supply.

}

(URGANDA

(*URGANDA and DELIA retire down the Scene, waving their enchanted Rods, as continuing the Ceremony.*)

A full Chorus of Instruments and Voices.

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,

Strike the Lyre, inspire the Flute;

In Harmony,

Celestial Harmony,

All magick Charms are found.

Sound the Trumpet, sound.

(*Here the Statues leap from their Pedestals, and form variety of Dances.*)

Chorus of Singers after the Dance:

Musick so charms, and does so sweetly wound,

That ev'ry Sense is ravish'd with the Sound.

A Single Voice.

When Nymphs are coy,

And fly from Joy,

The Shepherd takes his Reed;

He plays a Tune,

She stops as soon,

And straight they are agreed.

The Battle near,

When Cowards fear,

The Drum and Trumpet Sounds,

Their Courage warms,

They rush to Arms,

And brave a thousand Wounds.

CHORUS.

By Harmony our Souls are sway'd;

By Harmony the World was made.

A Second Dance.

Singers again advance.

A single Voice.

*When with adoring Looks we gaze
On bright ORIANA's heavenly Face,
In ev'ry Glance, and ev'ry Grace,
What is it that we see,*

But Harmony,

Celestial Harmony!

Our ravish'd Hearts leap up to meet

The Musick of her Eyes,

The Musick of her Eyes,

And dance around her Feet.

Full Chorus of Voices and Instruments, as at first.

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,

Strike the Lyre, inspire the Flute;

In Harmony,

Celestial Harmony,

All magick Charms are sound;

Sound the Trumpet, sound.

A Third Dance.

Urganda and Delia come forward.

Urg. This Care for *Amadis*, ye Gods, approve,
For what's a Soldier's Recompence but Love?
When forc'd from *Britain*, call'd to distant War,
His vanquish'd Heart remain'd a Captive here;
Oriana's Eyes that glorious Conquest made,
Nor was his Love ungratefully repaid.

Del. By *Arcabon*, like hostile *Juno*, crost,
And like *Aeneas* driv'n from Coast to Coast,
The wand'ring Hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by *Oriana* with the Crimes of Fate;
Who, anxious of Neglect, suspecting Change,
Consults her Pride, and meditates Revenge.

Urg:

Urg. Just in the Moment, when Resentment fires,
A charming Rival tempts, a rugged King requires :
Love yields at last, thus combated by Pride,
And she submits to be the *Roman's* Bride.

Del. Did not your Art with timely Charms provide,
Oriana were his Wife; and not his Bride.

Urg. In ancient Times, ere Chivalry was known,
The Infant World with Monsters overgrown,
Centaurs and Giants, nurs'd with human Blood,
And dire Magicians, an infernal Brood,
Vex'd Men and Gods : but most the Fair complain,
Of violated Lovers, and Lovers slain.

To shelter Innocence, and injur'd Right,
The Nations all elect some Patron-Knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and Slaves to Fame,
And many a valiant Chief enrolls his Name ;
By shining Marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various Orders various Ensigns wear.
Bound by strict Oaths, to serve the brightest Eyes,
Not more they strive for Glory, than the Prize ;
While, to invite the Toil, the fairest Dame
Of *Britain* is the boldest Champion's Claim.

Del. Of all who in this Race of Fame delight,
Brave *Amadis* is own'd the hardy'st Knight.
Nor *Theseus*, nor *Alcides*, ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in Monster's Gore,
Upon his crested Helm the trampled Dragon bore. }

Urg. *Ardan*, that black Enchanter, whose dire Arts
Enslav'd our Knights, and broke our Virgins Hearts,
Met Spear to Spear, his great delivering Hand
Slew the Destroyer, and redeem'd the Land ;
Far from thy Breast all Care and Grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by Conquest as by Love.

Del.

Del. But haughty *Arcabon*, of *Ardan's* Blood,
And *Arcalaus*, Foes alike to Good;
Gluttons in Murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal Arts as impiously employ:
Heirs to their Brother's Mischiefs, and sworn Foes
To *Amadis*, their Magick they oppose
Against his Love and Life.

Urg. ————— With equal Care,
Their Vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare.
Behold the Time, when tender Love shall be
Nor vext with Doubt, nor prest with Tyranny.
The love-sick Hero shall from Camps remove,
To reap Reward: The Hero's Pay is Love.
The Tasks of Glory painful are, and hard,
But ah! how blest, how sweet is the Reward!

*As she retires, Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments
repeat.*

*Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,
Strike the Lyre, inspire the Flute;
In Harmony,
Celestial Harmony,
All magick Charms are sound;
Sound the Trumpet, sound.*

S C E N E

S E C N E II.

The SCENE changes to the Inside of a magnificent Temple. King Celius, and the British Court. Men and Women magnificently dress'd in painted Habits, after the ancient manner. The Priests and Druids in their Solemnities, seeming in Confusion, replacing their Idols, and setting their Altars in order. Thunder and Light'n'ing. In the mean time Constantius, Oriana, and Corisanda come forward.

Const. Lovers consult not Stars, nor search the Skies,
But seek their Sentence in their Charmers Eyes.
Careless of Thunder from the Clouds that break,
My only Omens from your Looks I take;
When my Oriana smiles, from thence I date
My future Hope; and when she frowns, my Fate.

Ori. Cease, Prince, the Anger of the Gods to move,
'Tis now become a Crime to mention Love.
Our holy Men interpreting the Voice
Of Heav'n in Wrath, forewarn th'ill-omen'd Choice.

Const. Strange Rules for Constancy your Priests devise,
If Love and Hate must vary with your Skies.
From such vile Servitude set Reason free;
The Gods in ev'ry Circumstance agree
To suit our Union, pointing out to me;
In this right Hand the Scepter that they place,
For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous Kind,
Accept that Empire which the Gods design'd,
And be the charming Mistress of Mankind.

Cor. Nuptials of Form, of Int'rest, or of State,
Those Seeds of Pride, are fruitful in Debate;

Let

Let happy Men for gen'rous Love declare,
 And choose the gentle Virgin, chaste and fair:
 Let Women to superior Fortune born,
 For naked Virtue, all Temptations scorn;
 The Charm's immortal to a gallant Mind,
 If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd.
 And Providence, not niggardly, but wise,
 Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
 That by each other's Virtue we may rise.
 Weak the bare Tie of Man and Wife we find,
 But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

}
}

The King advances, followed by Priests and Train.

King. Our Priests recover: 'Twas a Holy Cheat;
 Lead back the Bride, the Ceremonies wait.

Ori. What Heav'n forbids ———

King. ———— 'Twas Ign'rance of my Will,
 Our Priests are better taught: What now is ill,
 Shall, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
 Preach or expound, but what their King wou'd hear.

(Priests bow profoundly low.)

Ere they interpret, let 'em mark my Ned,
 My Voice their Thunder, this right Arm their God.

(Looking sternly at 'em, they bow again as before.)

Prince, take your Bride.

Ori. 'Twere impious now to suffer him my Hand,

(Refusing her Hand.)

King. How dar'st thou disobey, when I command?
 Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at Tears,
 A counterfeited Qualm of Bridal Fears:

G

You'd

You'd see, cou'd you her inward Motions watch,
 Feigning Delay, she wishes for Dispatch;
 Into a Womans Meaning wou'd you look,
 Then read her backward, like a Wizard's Book.
 Priest, to your Charge ——— back to your Office go.

(Spoken with a stern, imperious Air. Priests retire, & sequiously bowing, as before.)

Ori. Th' Obedience that is due, and which I owe,
 Dread Sir, shall ever be observ'd by me;
 It is not to dispute your high Decree
 That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
 One Moment's short Suspense; I own your Pow'r,
 And I submit. Grant but this small Delay,
 And as the Prince decides, *Oriana* shall obey.

Const. I have no Will but what your Eyes ordain,
 Destin'd to Love, as they are doom'd to reign.

King. (*Aside.*) Into what Hands, ye Gods! have
 resign'd

Your World? Are these the Masters of Mankind?
 These supple *Romans* teach our Women Scorn;
 I thank ye, Gods, that I'm a *Briton* born.
 (*To them.*) Agree these Trifles in a short Debate;
 No more Delays, I am not us'd to wait.

(King Caelius retires back into the Temple)

Oriana, Constantius, and Corisanda, after a short Pause

Ori. Your Stars and mine have chosen you,
 prove

The noblest way how gen'rous Men shou'd love;
 All boast their Flames, but yet no Woman found

A Passion, where Self-love was not the Ground.
Slaves we are made, by false Pretences caught,
The *Bribe* in my Soul disdains the Thought.

Const. So much, so tenderly your Slave adores,
He has no Thought of Happiness, but yours.

Ori. Vows may be feign'd, nor shall mere Words pre-
vail,

I must have Proofs, but Proofs that cannot fail.
By Arms, by Honour, and by all that's dear
To Heroes, or expecting Lovers, swear.

Const. Needs there an Oath? and can *Oriana* say,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

Ori. Prepare then, Prince, to hear a Secret told,
Which Shame would shun, and blushing I unfold,
But Danger's pressing, Cowards will grow bold:
Know———then——— I love.

Const. (*eagerly.*) Can you command Despair, yet Love
confess,
And curse with the same Breath with which you bless?

Ori. (*Disdainfully putting him off.*)
Mistake me not,——— that I do love, is true,
But flatter not your self, it is not you.

Const. (*flaring.*) Forbid it, Gods, recal the fatal Breath
Which spoke that Word, the Sound is instant Death.

Ori. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal Truth——— if one must die,
You are the Judge; say, is it you —— or I?

A Messenger from the Temple.

Mess. The King is much displeas'd at this Delay.

Constantius walking about in a Passion.

Const. And let him wait, while 'tis my Will to stay.

Ori. Bear back a gentler Answer; we'll obey.

[*Exit Messenger*]

Const. Hence ev'ry Scoundrel that's either soft, or kind;
O for a War like that within my Mind!
Say, Flatterer, say, ah! fair Deluder speak,
Answer me this, 'ere yet my Heart shall break;
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend
Your Love, why was I flatter'd with your Hand?

Ori. To what a Father and a King thinks fit,
A Daughter and a Subject must submit.
Think not from Tyranny that Love can grow;
I am a Slave, and you have made me so.
Those Chains which Duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Const. Cruel *Oriana*, much you wrong my Flame,
To think that I could lay so harsh a Claim.
Love is a Subject to himself alone,
And knows no other Empire but his own;
No Ties can bind, which from Constraint arise,
Where either's forc'd, all Obligation dies.
O fatal Law requiring to resign
The Object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

Ori. [*foothingly.*] Accuse me not of Hate, with equi
I judge your Merit, and your Virtue prize: [E
Friendship, Esteem, be yours; bereft before
Of all my Love, what can I offer more?
Your Rivals Image in your Worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, esteem in you;
Had your Complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame me not, since what decides your Fate,
Is, that you pleaded last, and came too late.

Cor. Hard Fate of Merit! Fortune holds the Scale,
And still throws in the Weight that must prevail;
Your Rival is not of more Charms possess,
A Grain of better Luck has made him blest.

Const. [*aside.*] To love, and have the Power to possess,
And yet resign, can Nature yield to this?
Shall Nature, erring from her first Command,
Self-Preservation, fall by her own Hand?
By her own Act, the Springs of Life destroy,
The Principles, and Being of her Joy?
Tormenting Thought! Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd, by cursing whom we love.
Possessing, she is lost—renouncing—I—
Where's then the Doubt?—Die, die, *Constantius* die.

[*Aloud.*

Honour, and love, ye Tyrants, I obey,
Where'er your cruel Call directs my Way;
To Shame, to Chains, or to a certain Grave,
Lead on, unpitying Guides—behold your Slave.

Ori. Tho' Love be wanting to relieve your Care,
Glory may make amends, with Fame in War;
Honour's the noblest Chase, pursue that Game,
And recompense the Loss of Love with Fame;
If still against such Aids your Love prevails,
Yet Absence is a Cure that seldom fails.

Const. Tyrannick Honour! what Amends can'st thou
E'er make my Heart, by flattering my Brow?
Vain Race of Fame! unless the Conquest prove
In search of Beauty, to conclude in Love.
Frail Hope of Aids! for Time or Chance to give,
That Love, which, spite of Cruelty, can live!
From your Disdain, since no Relief I find,
I must love absent, whom I love unkind;

Tho' Seas divide us, and tho' Mountains part,
 That fatal Form will ever haunt my Heart.
 O dire Reverse of Hope, which I endure,
 From sure Possession, to despair as sure!
 Farewel, *Oriana*—yet, ere I remove,
 Can you refuse one Tear to bleeding Love?
 Ah! no, take heed—turn, turn those Eyes away,
 The Charm's so strong, I shall for ever stay.
 Princess rejoice— for your next News shall be,
Constantius dies—— to set *Oriana* free.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T I I . S C E N E I .

The SCENE, a thick wooded Forest, the Trees loaded with military Ensigns and Trophies. A rich Pavilion makes the Point of View at the farther end.

ARCALAUS, and ARCAION.

Arcal. ENCHANTRESS, say— whence such Replies as these?

Thou answer'st Love, I speak of *Amadis*.

Arcab. Swiftly he pass'd, and, as in Sport pursu'd
 The savage Herd, and scower'd thro' the Wood;
 Tigers and Wolves in vain his Stroke withstand,
 Cut down, like Poppies, by the Reaper's Hand;
 Like *Mars* he look'd, as terrible and strong;
 Like *Jove*, majestick; like *Apollo*, young;
 With all their Attributes divinely grac'd,
 And sure their Thunder in his Arm was plac'd.

Arcal. Who pass'd? Who look'd?

Arcab.

Areab. ——— Ah! there's the fatal Wound,

Which tears my Heart-strings—— but he shall be found;

Yes, ye Infernals, if there's Pow'r in Art,

These Arms shall hold him, as he grasps my Heart.

Shall I, who can draw down the Moon, and keep

The Stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous Deep?

Bid *Boreas* halt, make Hills and Forests move,

Shall I ———

Arcal. ——— Be made a whining Fool to Love?

Suspend these Follies, and let Rage surmount,

A Brother's Death requires a strict Account;

To-Day, To-Day, perhaps this very Hour,

This Moment, now, the Murth'rer's in our Pow'r.

Leave Love in Cottages and Cells to reign,

With Nymphs obscure, and with the lowly Swain;

Who waste their Days and Strength in such short Joys,

Are Fools, who barter Life and Fame for Toys.

Arcab. They're Fools who preach we waste our Days
and Strength,

What is a Life, whose only Charm is Length?

Give me a Life that's short, and wing'd with Joy,

A Life of Love, whose Minutes never cloy:

What is an Age in dull Renown drudg'd o'er?

One little single Hour of Love is more.

An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.

Arcal. See it perform'd—— and thou shalt be
Black Minister of Hell—— a God to me.

[*Attendant flies away thro' the Air.*

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.

Here *Arden* fell, here, on this fatal Spot

Our Brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious Gore,

The purple Flood, which cries aloud for more:

Think on that Image, see him on the Ground,

His Life and Fame both bury'd in one Wound:

Think on the Murtherer, with insulting Pride
Tearing the Weapon from his bleeding Side.
Oh think ———

Arcab. What need these bloody Images to move?
Revenge I will; and would secure my Love:
Why should I of a Frailty shameful be,
From which no Mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce *Medea*, Mistress of our Art,
Nor *Circe*, nor *Calypso* 'scap'd the Smart.
It Heli has Pow'r, both Passions I will please,
My Vengeance and my Love shall both have Ease.
Lead on, Magician, make Revenge secure,
My Hand's as ready, and shall strike as sure.

[*They go off.*

Oriana and Corisanda entering from the lower part of the Scene.

Ori. Thrice happy they, who thus in silent Groves,
From Courts retir'd, possess their peaceful Loves.
Of Royal Maids, how wretched is the Fate,
Born only to be Victims of the State;
Our Hopes, our Wishes, all our Passions ty'd
For publick Use; the Slaves of others Pride.
Here let us wait th' Event, on which alone
Depends my Peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

Cor. So generous this Emp'ror's Love does seem,
T'would justify a Change, to change for him.

Ori. Alas! thou know'st not Men, their Oaths, and Arts
Of feigning Truth, with Treason in their Hearts.
Who now's ador'd, may the next Hour displease,
At first their Cure, and after, their Disease.

[*Flourish of Musick as in the Forest.*

Cor. Oft we have heard such airy Sounds as these
Salute us as we pass.

Enter

The British Enchanters. 129

Enter several of Arcalaus' Magicians singing and dancing, representing Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Pajans.

A Shepherd, singing.

*Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all,
Come celebrate this Festival,
And merrily sing, and sport, and play,
For 'tis Oriana's Nuptial Day.*

[A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Then a Shepherdess addressing to Oriana, sings.

*Queen of Britain, and of Love,
Be happy as the Blest above;
Graces numberless attend thee,
The Gods as many Blessings send thee:
Be happy as the Blest above,
Queen of Britain, and of Love.*

A rural Dance of Pajans.

[*Exeunt dancing.*

Ori. Prepost'rous Nuptials! that fill ev'ry Breast
With Joy, but only hers who should be blest.

Cor. Sure some Magician keeps his Revels here:
Princess retire, there may be Danger near.

[*Flourish of soft Musick at a distance.*

Ori. What Danger in such gentle Notes can be?
Thou Friend to Love, thrice pow'rful Harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on——

Musick's the Balm of Love, it charms Despair,
Suspends the Smart, and softens ev'ry Care.

[*Exeunt down the Scene, following the Musick.*
Arcalaus enters, with an Attendant, observing them as they walk down into the Forest.

Arcal. Finish the rest, and then be free as Air:
My Eyes ne'er yet beheld a Form so fair.

Happy beyond my Wish, I go to prove
At once, the Joys of sweet Revenge and Love.

[Wals down the Scene after them.]

Enter Amadis and Florestan.

Ama. Mistake me not — no — *Amadis* shall die,
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her Joy;
Nice Honour still engages to requite
False Mistresses, and Friends, with Slight for Slight:
But if, like mine, the stubborn Heart retain
A wilful Tendernefs, the Brave must feign,
In private Grief, but with a careless Scorn
In publick, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flor. Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign;
When Passion is sincere, it will complain:
Doubts which from Rumour rise, you should suspend;
From evil Tongues what Virtue can defend?
In Love, who injures by a rash Distrust,
Is the Aggressor, and the first unjust.

Ama. If she is true, why all this Nuptial Noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty Joys?
Who to a Woman trusts his Peace of Mind,
Trusts a frail Bark, with a tempestuous Wind.
Thus to *Ulysses*, on the *Strygian* Coast
His Fate enquiring, spake *Atrides'* Ghost;
Of all the Plagues with which the World is curst,
Of ev'ry Ill, a Woman is the worst;
Trust not a Woman. — — — Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his Wife's Adulteries.

Flor. Thus in Despair, what most we love, we wrong,
Not Heav'n escapes the impious Atheist's Tongue.

Ama. Enticing Crocodiles, whose Tears are Death,
Sirens, who murder with enchanting Breath:
Like *Egypt's* Temples, dazzling to the Sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;

With

With glitt'ring Gold, and sparkling Gems they shine,
But Apes and Monkeys are the Gods within.

Flor. My Love attends with Pain, while you pursue
This angry Theme; ——— I have a Mistress too:

The faultless Form no secret Stains disgrace,
A beauteous Mind unblemish'd as her Face;
Not painted and adorn'd to varnish Sin,
Without all Angel, all Divine within;
By Truth maintaining what by Love she got;
A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot.

Ama. [*Embracing him.*] Forgive the Visions of my
frantick Brain,

Far from the Man I love, be all such Pain:
By the immortal Gods I swear, my Friend,
The Fates to me no greater Joy could send,
Than that your Labours meet a prosp'rous End.
After so many glorious Toils, that you
Have found a Mistress, beautiful and true.

Oriana and Corisanda, without.

Ori. and Cor. Help, help, oh! Heavens, help ———

Ama. — — — What Cries are these?

Flor. It seem'd the Call of Beauty in Distress.
Of savage Beasts and Men, a monstrous Brood
Possess this Land ———

Ori. and Cor. ——— Help, help ———

Ama. — — — Again the Cry's renew'd.
Draw both our Swords, and fly with Speed to save;
Th' Opprest have a sure Refuge in the Brave.

[*Exeunt, drawing their Swords.*]

[*Oriana and Corisanda cross the Stage, pursued by a
Party of Arcalaus' Magicians.*]

Ori. and Cor. Help, help ———

Party. Pursue, pursue ———

[*Flourish*]

[Florestan crosses the Stage following the Pursuit. Arcalaus fighting and retreating before Amadis.]

Arcal. 'Thou run'st upon thy Fate: Mortal forbear,
A more than Mortal rules the Regions here.

Ama. Think not my Sword shall give the least Reprieve,
'Twere Cruelty to let such Monsters live.

[Florestan re-enters retreating before another Party, is seiz'd, disarm'd, and carry'd off.]

Arcal. Yet pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy Fate;
Without thy Life, my Vengeance is complet:
Behold thy Friend born to eternal Chains,
Remember *Ardan* now, and count thy Gains.

Ama. Like *Ardan's* be thy Fate, unpity'd fall:
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[Fight, Arcalaus still retreating. A sudden Sound of Instruments expressing Terror and Horror, with Thunder at the same time. Monsters and Demons rise from under the Stage, while others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in Confusion, during which the Stage is darken'd. On a sudden a Flourish of contrary Musick succeeds; the Sky clears and the whole Scene changes to a delightful Vale, Amadis appearing leaning on his Sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with Songs, Musick and Dances, perform the following Enchantment.]

To be sung in full Chorus.

Love, Creator Love, appear,

Attend and hear;

Appear, appear, appear.

A single Voice.

Love, Creator Love,

Parent of Heav'n and Earth,

Delight of Gods above,

To thee all Nature owes her Birth;

Love, Creator Love.

Another

Another single Voice.

*All that in ambients Air does move,
Or teems on fertile Fields below,
Or sparkles in the Skies above,
Or does in rolling Waters flow,
Spring from the Seeds which thou dost sow,
Love, Greater Love.*

CHORUS.

*Better in Love a Slave to be,
Than with the widest Empire free.*

DANCE.

ODE TO DISCORD. A single Voice.

*When Love's away, then Discord reigns,
The Furies be unchains,
Bids Æolus unbind
The Northern Wind,
That fetter'd lay in Caves,
And root up Trees, and plough the Plains:
Old Ocean frets and raves,
From their deep Roots the Rocks he tares,
Whole Deluges lets fly,
That dash against the Sky,
And seem to drown the Stars;
Th' assaulted Clouds return the Shock,
Blue Light'nings singe the Waves,
And Thunder rends the Rock.*

*Then Jove usurps his Father's Crown,
Instructing Mortals to aspire;
The Father would destroy the Son,
The Son dethrones the Sire,
The Titans, to regain their Right,
Prepare to try a second Fight,
Briareus arms his hundred Hands,
And marches forth the bold Gigantick Bands,*

Religion

134 *The British Enchanters.*

*Pelion upon Ossa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and Giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.*

*Horror, Confusion, dreadful Ire,
Daggers, Poison, Sword and Fire,
To execute the destin'd Wrath conspire.*

*The Furies loose their Snaky Rods,
And lash both Men and Gods.*

Chorus repeat the last Stanza.

Then Symphony for Love.

A single Voice.

*But when Love bids Discord cease,
The jarring Seeds unite in Peace;
O the Pleasures past expressing!
O the Rapture of possessing!
Melting, dying, heav'nly Blessing,
O the Rapture of possessing,
Hail to Love, and welcome Joy!
Hail to the delicious Boy!
In Cyprus first the God was known;
Then wand'ring, wand'ring o'er the Main,
He in Britannia fixt his Reign,
And in Oriana's Eyes his Throne.*

A full Chorus.

*Hail to Love, and welcome Joy!
Hail to the delicious Boy!
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love's the Flame in which he's burning.*

*Hail to Love, the softest Pleasure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.*

DANCE.

[Then to be sung by a Shepherdess addressing her
self to *Amadis*.

Now Mortal prepare,

For thy Fate is at hand;

Now Mortal prepare,

And surrender.

For Love shall arise,

Whom no Pow'r can withstand,

Who rules from the Skies

To the Centre.

Now Mortal prepare,

For thy Fate is at hand;

Now Mortal prepare,

And surrender.

CHORUS repeat.

Now Mortal prepare, &c.

[During the Chorus, *Oriana* appears rising from under
the Stage, repos'd upon a Machine representing a Bed
of Flowers. The Chorus ended, she rises and comes
forward.

Ori. In what enchanted Regions am I lost?
Am I alive? or wander here a Ghost?
Art thou too dead? —————

[Starting at the Sight of *Amadis*.

Am. Where-e'er you are, the Realms of Bliss must be;
See my Goddess, and 'tis Heaven to see.

[Throwing away his Sword, is seiz'd and bound.
Stand off, and give me way —————

Ori. ————— No, keep him there,
Th'ungrateful Traitor, let him not come near:

Convey

Convey the Wretch where *Sisyphus* atones
For Crimes enormous, and where *Tityus* groans,
With Robbers, and with Murd'ers let him prove
Immortal Pains — for he has murder'd Love!

Ama. Have I done this? —

Ori. ——— Base and perfidious Man !

Let me be heard, and answer if you can.
Was it your Love, when trembling by your Side
I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,
Urging your Stay: Was it your Love that bore
Your faithless Vessel from the *British* Shore ?
What said I not, upon the fatal Night,
When you avow'd your meditated Flight ?
Was it your Love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my Heart ?
See whom you fled, Inhuman and Ingrate,
Repent your Folly — but repent too late.

Ama. Mistaken Princess, by the Stars above,
The Pow'rs below, and by immortal *Jove* !
Unwilling and compell'd —

Ori. Unwilling and compell'd ! vain, vain Pretence,
For base neglect, and cold Indifference.

Was it your Love, when by those Stars above,
Those Pow'rs below, and that immortal *Jove*,
You vow'd, before the first revolving Moon,
You would return ? — Did you return ? — The Sun
Thrice round the circled Globe was seen to move,
You neither came, nor sent — was this your Love ?

Ama. Thrice has that Sun beheld me on your Coast,
By Tempests beaten, and in Shipwrecks lost.

Ori. And yet you chose those Perils of the Sea,
Of Rocks, and Storms — or any thing — but Me.
The raging Ocean, and the Winter Wind,
Touch'd at my Passion, with my wishes join'd,

No Image, but of certain Fate, appear'd,
 Less I your Absence, than your Danger, fear'd;
 In vain they threaten'd, and I sued in vain,
 More deaf, than Storms, more cruel than the Main;
 No Pray'r, nor gentle Message cou'd prevail
 To wait a calmer Sky, or softer Gale;
 You brav'd the Danger, and despis'd the Love,
 Nor death could terrify, nor Passion move.

Ama. Of our past Lives, the Pleasure, and the Pain,
 Fixt in my Soul, for ever shall remain;
 Recal more gently my unhappy State,
 And charge my Crime, not on my Choice, but Fate:
 In mortal Breast, sure, Honour never wag'd
 So dire a War, nor Love more fiercely rag'd;
 You saw my Torment, and you knew my Heart,
 'Twas Infamy to fly, 'twas Death to part.

Ori. In vain you'd cover, with the Thrift of Fame,
 And Honours Call, an odious Traitor's Name;
 Could Honour such vile Perfidy approve?
 Is it no Honour to be true to Love?
O Venus! Parent of the Trojan Race,
 In Britain too, some Remnants found a Place;
 From Brute descending in a Line direct,
 Within these Veins thy fav'rite Blood respect;
 Mother of Love, by Men and Gods rever'd,
 Confirm these Vows, and let this Pray'r be heard.
 The *Briton* to the *Gaul* henceforth shall bear
 Immortal Hatred, and eternal War;
 Nor League, nor Commerce, let the Nations know,
 But Seeds of everlasting Discord grow;
 With Fire and Sword the faithless Race pursue,
 This Vengeance to my injur'd Love is due:
 Rise from our Ashes some avenging Hand,
 To curb their Tyrants, and invade their Land;

138 *The British Enchanters.*

Waves fight with Waves, and Shores with Shores engage,
And let our Sons inherit the same Rage.

Ama. Might I be heard one Word in my Defence—

Orl. No, not a Word. What specious forc'd Pretence
Would you invent, to gild a weak Defence?

To false *Æneas*, when 'twas giv'n by Fate

To tread the Paths of Death, and view the *Stygian* State.

Forlorn *Dido* was the first that stood

To strike his Eye, her Bosom bath'd in Blood

Fresh from her Wound: Pale Horror and Affright

Seiz'd the false Man, confounded at the Sight,

Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint Words he spoke,

Some Tears he shed, which, with disdainful Look,

Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more

Than the firm Rock, when faithless Tempests roar,

With one last Look, his Falseness she upbraids,

Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades.

Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding *Queen*,

With just Reproaches loads perfidious Men,

Banish'd from Joy, from Empire, and from Light,

In Death involve me, and in endless Night,

But keep——that odious Object——from my Sight.

(Exit.)

Enter Arcalaus.

Arcal. With her last Words, she sign'd his dying Breath;
Convey him straight to Tortures, and to Death.

Ama. Let me not perish with a Traitor's Name,

Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am;

Loose this right Hand——

Arcal. Hence to his Fate the valiant Boaster bear.

Sinks under the Stage with him.

For him, let our infernal Priests prepare

Their Knives, their Cords, and Altars——but for her

Soft

Soft Beds, and flow'ry Banks, and fragrant Bow'rs,
Musick, and Songs, and all those melting Pow'rs
With which Love steals on Hearts, and tunes the Mind
To Tenderness and Yielding.—
Superior Charms, enchant us to be kind.

(Exit)

The Act concludes with Dancing.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON, *meeting*

Arcal. **W**ELCOME as after Darkness chearful
Light,

Or to the weary wand'rer downy Night:
Smile, smile my *Arcabon*, for ever smile,
And with thy gayest Looks reward my Toil,
That sullen Air but ill becomes thee now,
See'st thou not glorious Conquest on my Brow?

Amadis, Amadis—

Arcab. Dead, or in Chains? Be quick in thy Reply.

Arcal. He lives, my *Arcabon*, but lives to die.
The gnawing Vulture, and the restless Wheel
Shall be Delight, to what the Wretch shall feel.

Arcab. Goddess of dire Revenge, *Erinny*s, rise,
With Pleasure grace thy Lips, with Joy thy Eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and strip the Rocks
Of Pearls and Gems to deck thy jetty Locks;
With chearful Tunes disguise thy hollow Throat,
And emulate the Lark and Linnet's Note;
Let Envy's Self rejoice, Despair be gay,
For Rage and Murder shall triumph To-day.

Arcal.

Arcal. Arise, O *Arden*, from the hollow Womb
Of Earth, arise, burst from thy brazen Tomb;
Bear witness to the Vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of Care.

Arcab. Plaso, arise, infernal King, release
Thy tortur'd Slaves, and let the Damsel have Peace, }
But double all their Pains on *Amadis*.

Arcal. Mourn all ye Heav'ns, above yon azure Plain
Let Grief abound, and Lamentation reign;
The Thunderer with Tears bedew his Sky,
For *Amadis*, his Champion's doom'd to die.

Arcab. Death be my Care; for to complete his Woe
The Slave shall perish by a Woman's Blow;
Thus each by turns shall his dire Vow fulfil,
'Twas thine to vanquish, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arcal. So look'd *Medea*, when her Rival Bride,
Upon her nuptial Day, consuming dy'd:
O never more let Love disguise a Face
By Rage adorn'd with such triumphant Grace.

Arcab. In sweet Revenge inferior Joys are lost,
And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy Coast;
Rage rules all other Passions in my Breast,
And swelling like a Torrent, drowns the rest.
Should this curst Wretch, whom most my Soul abhors,
Prove the dear Man whom most my Soul adores,
Love should in vain defend him with his Dart,
Thro' all his Charms I'd stab him to the Heart.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E II.

Enter Celiuss, Constantius, Lucius a Roman, and a numerous Attendance of Britons.

King. From Contracts sign'd, and Articles agreed,
With *British* Faith it suits not to recede:

How

How may the World interpret such Neglect,
And on her Beauty, or her Fame, reflect?
Roman, consider well what course you run,
Resolve to be my Pris'ner, or my Son.
If this sounds rude, then know, we *Britons* slight
Those supple Arts which *Foreigners* delight,
Nor stand on Forms to vindicate our Right.

(*Exit King and Attendants.*)

Luc. Happy Extremity! now, Prince, be blest,
Of all you love, and all you wish possess;
No Censure you incur, constrain'd to choose,
Possess at once of Pleasure, and Excuse.

Const. If for my self alone I would possess,
'Twere sensual Joy, and brutal Happiness.
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The Particle sublime of Bliss, is plac'd
In Raptures that we feel the ravish'd *Chamberlaine* taste.
Oriana, no———tho' certain Death it be,
I'll keep my Word———I'll die, or set thee free.
Haste, *Lucius*, haste, sound loud our Trumpets, call
Our Guard to Arms, tho' few, they're *Romans* all.
Now tremble, savage King, a *Roman* Hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a Sword command.

(*As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, attended as before.*)

King. Not to be found! she must, she shall be found;
Disperse out Parties, search our Kingdoms round;
Follow *Constantius*, seize him, torture, kill;
Traitor! what Vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy Gods, O *Rome*! secur'd thy Peace,
Planted behind so many Lands and Seas,
Or thou should'st feel me, City, in thy Fall,
More dreadful than the *Sannite*, or the *Gaul*.
But to supply and recompense this Want,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Isle, and grant

That

That Wrath may rise, and Strife immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of *Britain*, and of *Rome*.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons, Men and Women chain'd in rows, opposite to one another. In the Front of the Captives, Florestan and Corelinda. A magnificent Monument erected to the Memory of Ardan, with this Inscription in large Letters of Gold:

REVENGE IS VOW'D, REST QUIET, GENTLE SHADE,
THE LIVING SHALL BE RESTLESS TILL 'TIS HAD.

A Guard of Demons. Plaintive Musick.

To be sung by a Captive King.

Look down, ye Pow'rs, look down,
And cast a pitying Eye
Upon a Monarch's Misery,
Look down, look down.
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted Majesty.

I who but now on Thrones of Gold,
Gave Laws to Kingdoms uncontroul'd,

To Empire born,
From Empire torn,
A wretched Slave,
A wretched Slave,

Am now of Slaves the Scorn.
Alas! the Smiles of Fortune prove
As variable as Womens Love.

By a Captive Lover.

The happiest Mortals once were we,
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;

Each

*Each desirous of the Blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Mira, Mira me,
The happiest Mortals once were we.
But since cruel Fates differ, we,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,*

*Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all Pains, the greatest Pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.*

*By a Captive Libertine,
Plague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, and senseless Glories;
What are Lovers, what are Kings?
What at best but slavish things.
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me.
Each by turns, as Sense inspir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have lost true Pleasure;
Freedom is the only Treasure.*

Chorus of Dæmons.

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving.

No, no,

The Powers below

No Pity know;

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving.

A Dance of Dæmons insulting the Prisoners.

*Flor. to Cor. To taste of Pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.*

' Well may the Brave contend, the Wise contrive,

' In vain against their Stars the destin'd strive,

Cor.

Cor. So to th' appointed Grove the feather'd Pair
 Fly chirping on, unmindful of the Snare,
 Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
 The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught,
 In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain
 Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Man.

A Captive. O Heav'ns take pity of our Pains,
 Death is a milder Fate than Chains.

[*A Flourish of Instruments of Horror. Arcabon descends
 in a Chariot drawn thro' the Air by Dragons, guarded
 by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward
 arm'd with a Dagger in her Hand.*

Arcab. Your Vows have reach'd the Gods, your
 Chains and Breath
 Have the same Date ———
 Prepare for Freedom, for I bring you Death.
 He who so oft has 'scap'd th' Assaults of Hell,
 Whom yet no Charms could bind, no Force could quell,
 By whom so many bold Enchanters fell,
Amadis, Amadis, this joyful Day,
 Your Guardian Deity's himself our Prey.
 From all their Dungeons let our Captives come,
 Idle Spectators of their Hero's Doom.

[*Flourish of loud Instruments of divers sorts. Other
 Dungeons open, and discover more Captives. Amadis
 chain'd to an Altar, infernal Priests on each side of him
 with Knives up-lifted ready for the Sacrifice.*

[*Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.*

Arcab. Thou dy'st — What strange and what resistless
 With secret Force, arrests my lifted Arm ? [*Charm.*

What

What art thou, who with more than magick Art,
Dost make my Hand unfaithful to my Heart?

Ama. One, who disdaining Mercy, sues to die;
I ask not Life, for Life were Cruelty.

Of all the Wretched, search the World around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let loose thy Rage, like an avenging God,
Fain wou'd my Soul encumber'd, cast her Load.

Arcab. [*Aside.* In ev'ry Line and Feature of that Face,
The dear Enchanter of my Soul I trace:
My Brother! had my Father too been slain,
The Blood of my whole Race should plead in vain,
The Ties of Nature do but weakly move,
The strongest Tie of Nature, is in Love.

Ama. O *Florestan*! I see those Chains with Shame,
Which I could not prevent — O Stain to Fame!
O Honour lost for ever! *Theseus* fell,
But *Hercules* remain'd unconquer'd still,
And freed his Friend — What Man cou'd do — I did,
Nor was I over-power'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd Friend! with better Grace we stood
In Arms repelling Death, wading in Blood
To Victories; the manly Limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble Load
Of pond'rous Mail, these shameful Bonds disdains,
And sinks beneath th' inglorious Weight of Chains.

Flor. Where shall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

Arcab. He spoke — and ev'ry Accent to my Heart
Gave a fresh Wound, and was another Dart:
He weeps! but red'ning at the Tears that fall,
Is it for these? Be quick, and free them all.
Let ev'ry Captive be releas'd from Chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?

146 *The British Enchanters.*

Hence ev'ry Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
Mix with the Seas and Winds, breed Tempests there;
Strike all your Strings, to joyful Measures move,
And ev'ry Voice sound Liberty and Love.

[*Flourish of all the Musick; the Chains at once fall
from all the Captives; ARCADON frees AMADIS
self.*

Chorus of all the Captives.

Liberty! Liberty!

A single Voice.

*Arm, arm, the gen'rous BRITONS cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets sounding, Banners flying,
Braving Tyrants, Chains defying.*

*Arm, arm, the generous BRITONS cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! Liberty!*

Chorus repeat.

Liberty! Liberty!

Another single Voice.

*Happy Isle, all Joys possessing,
Clime resembling Heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Blessing,
Land of Liberty and Love!
When thy Nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themselves and Lovers, free,
In the Blessing of Obtaining,
Ah! how sweet is Liberty!*

Dance of Captives, expressing Joy for Liberty.

ARCAB ON having freed AMADIS, they come forward together; the rest standing in Rows on each side of the Theatre, bowing as they advance.

Arcab. When Rage, like mine, makes such a sudden
Methinks'twere easy to divine the Cause: [Pause,
The dullest Warrior, in a Lady's Face,
The secret Meaning of a Blush may trace,
When short-breath'd Sighs, and catching Glances, sent
From dying Eyes, reveal the kind Intent.
Let Glory share, but not possess you whole,
Love is the darling Transport of the Soul.

Ama. The Lords of Fate, who all our Lots decree,
Have destin'd Fame, no other Chance for me;
My sullen Stars in that rough Circle move;
The Happy only are reserv'd for Love. [force,

Arcab. The Stars which you reproach, my Art can
I can direct them to a kinder Course:
Trust to my Charms, the present Time improve,
Select and precious are the Hours of Love.
Unguarded see the Virgin Treasure stand,
Glad of the Theft, to court the Robber's Hand;
Honour, his wonted Watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, Soldier, while the Dragon sleeps.

Ama. Enchanting are your Looks, less Magick lies
In your Mysterious Art, than in your Eyes;
Such melting Language claims a soft Return,
Pity the hopeless Flames in which I burn;
Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
I prize the Blessing fated to refuse.

Arcab. [*Aside.*] Those formal Lovers be for ever curst,
 Who fetter'd freeborn Love with Honour first,
 Who thro' fantastick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
 And against Nature will be Slaves to Rules. [Hour,
 [To him.] Your captive Friends have Freedom from this
 Rejoice for them, but for thy self much more:
 Sublimier Blessings are reserv'd for thee,
 Whom Love invites to be possess'd of me.
 The shipwreck'd *Greeks* cast on *Ææa's* Shore,
 With trembling Steps the dubious Coast explore,
 Who first arrive, in vain for Pity plead,
 Transform'd to Beasts, a vile and monstrous Breed;
 But when *Ulysses* with superior Mien
 Approach'd the Throne where sat the Enchantress Queen,
 Pleas'd with a Presence that invades her Charms,
 She takes the bold Adventurer in her Arms,
 Up to her Bed she leads the Conqueror on,
 Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun,

[*She leads AMADIS out. FLORESTAN and CORISANDA,
 and the released Captives only remain. FLORESTAN
 and CORISANDA run into each others Arms.*

Flor. In this enchanting Circle let me be,
 For ever and for ever bound with thee.

Cor. Soul of my Soul, and Charmer of my Heart,
 From these Embraces let us never part.

Flor. Never, O never, ——— in some safe Retreat;
 Far from the Noise and Tumults of the Great,
 Secure and happy on each others Breast,
 Within each other's Arms we'll ever rest;
 Those Eyes shall make my Days serene and bright,
 These Arms, thus circling round me, bless the Night.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Cor.*

[*The*

[*The remaining Captives express their Joy for Liberty by Singing and Dancing.*

Chorus of all the Captives together.

*To Fortune give immortal Praise,
Fortune depose, and can raise;
Fortune the Captives Chains does break,
And brings despairing Exiles back;
However low this Hour we fall,
One lucky Moment may mend all.*

The Act concludes with variety of Dances.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARCABON and ARCALAUS.

Arcal. **O**F Women Tyrants 'tis the common Doom,
Each haughtily sets out in Beauty's Bloom,
Till late repenting, to redeem the past,
You turn abandon'd Prostitutes at last.

Arcab. Who Hate declares, is sure of Hate again;
Rage begets Rage, Disdain provokes Disdain:
Why, why, alas! should Love less mutual prove?
Why is not Love return'd with equal Love?

Arcal. Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise;
From sure Possession what Desire can rise?
Love, like Ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By Doubt provok'd, by Certainty destroy'd.

150 *The British Enchanters.*

Arcab. To govern Love, alas! what Woman can?
Yet 'tis an easy Province for a Man.
Why am I then of Hope abandon'd quite?
There is a Cure—I'd ask it if I might.
Forgive me, Brother, if I pry too far,
I've learnt my Rival is your Pris'ner here;
If that be true——

Arcal. — What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*

Arcab. What but her Death— when AMADIS is free;
From Hopes of her— there may be Hope for me.

Arcal. Thou Cloud to his bright JUNO— Fool— shall he
Who has lov'd her, ever descend to thee? [*Charms*

Arcab. Much vainer Fool art thou— where are those
That are to tempt a Princess to thy Arms?

Thou VULCAN to ORLANA's MARS.—

Arcal. ————— But yet
This VULCAN has that MARS within his Net.
Your Counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the Woman sure, the Man shall bleed.

[*Exit furiously.*

Arcab. First perish thou; Earth, Air, and Seas, and }
Confounded in one Heap of Chaos lie, {*[Sky,*

And every other living Creature die.

I burn, I burn; the Storm that's in my Mind

Kindles my Heart, like Fires provok'd by Wind:

Love and Resentment, Wishes and Disdain,

Blow all at once, like Winds that plough the Main.

Furies! ALECTO! aid my just Design:

But if, averse to Mercy, you decline

The pious Task, assist me, Pow'rs divine;

Just Gods, and thou their King, imperial Jove,

Strike whom you please, but save the Man I love.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

[The Scene changes to the Representation of a fine Garden; ORIANA sitting pensively in a pleasant Bower towards the lower end of the Scene. Soft Musick playing. ARCALAUS enters, addressing himself respectively to her, she rises; they advance slowly towards the Front of the Stage, seeming in mute Dis'course, till the Musick ceases.

ARCALUS and ORIANA.

Arcal. Of Freedom lost, unjustly you complain,
Born to command where-e'er you come, you reign;
No Fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a Prison but an Empire find.

Ori. Death I expect, and I desire it too,
'Tis all the Mercy to be wish'd from you:
To die, is to be free : Oh let me find
A speedy Death—— that Freedom would be kind.

Arcal. Too cruel to suspect such Usage meant,
Here is no Death, but what your Eyes present :
O may they reign those Arbiters of Fate,
Immortal as the Loves which they create.
We know the Cause of this prepost'rous Grief,
And we should pity, were there no Relief:
One Lover lost, have you not Millions more?
Can you complain of Want, whom all adore?
All Hearts are yours; ev'n mine, that fierce and free
Ranging at large, disdain'd Captivity,
Caught by your Charms, the Savage trembling lies,
And prostrate in his Chain, for Mercy dies.

Ori. Respect is limited to Pow'r alone,
Beauty distress'd, like Kings from Empire thrown;
Each Insolent invades——

How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched Princess! now
When ev'ry Slave that loves, dares tell thee so?

Arcal. If I do love, the Fault is in your Eyes,
Blame them who wound, and not your Slave who dies;
If we may love, then sure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you so fair?
Who can unmov'd behold that heav'nly Face,
Those radiant Eyes, and that resistless Grace?

Ori. Pluck out these Eyes, revenge thee on my Face,
Tear off my Cheeks, and root up ev'ry Grace,
D'sfigure, kill me, kill me instantly;
Thus may'st thou free thy self at once, and me.

Arcal. Such strange Commands 'twere impious to
I wou'd revenge my self a gentler way. [obey,

*[Offering to take her Hand, she snatches it away
disdainfully.]*

Ori. Some Whirlwind bear me from this odious Place,
Earth open wide, and bury my Disgrace;
Save me, ye Pow'rs, from Violence and Shame,
Assist my Virtue, and protect my Fame. [course,

Arcal. [*Aside.*] Love, with Submission, first begins in
But when that fails, a sure Reserve is Force:
The nicest Dames who our Embraces shun,
Wait only a Pretence—— and Force is one:
She who thro' Frailty yields, Dishonour gains,
But she that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they bestow,
Invading we are free and nothing owe.
No Ties of Love or Gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave or come again.
It shall be so.——

[*To her.*] Since softer Arguments have prov'd so vain,
Force is the last, resist it if you can.

[He seizes her, she breaks from him.]

Ori. Help——— help——— ye Gods!

Arcal. Who with such Courage can resist Desire;
With what a Rage she'll love when Raptures fire!
Behold in Chains your vanquish'd Minion lies,
And if for nothing but this Scorn, he dies.

[AMADIS discover'd in Chains. ARCALAUS advancing
to stab him, ARCAON enters in the Instant and of-
fers to stab ORIANA.

Arcab. Strike boldly Murd'rer, strike him to the
Ground.

While thus my Dagger answers ev'ry Wound.
By what new Magick is thy Vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy Hand before a Man unarm'd?

Ori. Strike, my Deliv'rer, 'tis a friendly Stroke,
I shun thee not but rather would provoke :
Death to the Wretched is an end of Care,
But yet, methinks, he might that Victim spare.

[Pointing to AMADIS.

Ama. Burst, burst these Chains, just Gods can you
On such Distress, like idle Lookers on? [look down
My Soul, till now, no Dangers could affright,
But trembles like a Coward's, at this Sight.

Arcab. So passionate! but I'll revenge it here———

Arcal. Hold, Fury—— or I strike as home—— forbear——

[ARCAON offering to stab ORIANA, ARCALAUS does the
same to AMADIS; both withheld their Blow.

[Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and warlike Instruments of
all kinds, resound from all parts of the Theatre.
URGANDA enters hastily with a numerous Train. AR-
CALAUS and ARCAON surpriz'd, retire to the opposite
side of the Stage.

Urg. To Arms, to Arms, ye Spirits of the Air,
Ye Guardians of the Brave, and of the Fair,
Leave your bright Mansions, and in Arms appear.

[*Varlike Musick sounds a Charge; Spirits descend in Clouds; some continue in the Air, playing upon Instruments of War, others remain ranged in Order of Battle; others descend upon the Stage, ranging themselves by AMADIS, whom URGANDA frees, giving him a Sword. ORIANA likewise is freed.*

Arcab. Fly, quick, ye Dæmons, from your black
And try another Combat with the Gods; [Abodes.
Blue Fires, and pestilential Fumes arise,
And flaming Fountains spout against the Skies;
From their broad Roots these Oaks and Cedars tear,
Burn like my Love, and rage like my Despair.

[*Trumpets sound on ARCAÏON's side, which are answer'd on URGANDA's. The Grove appears in an Instant all in a Flame; Fountains from below cast up Fire as in Spouts; a Rain of Fire from above; the Sky darkned; Dæmons range themselves on the Stage by ARCALAUS and ARCAÏON; other Dæmons face URGANDA; Spirits in the Air; martial Instruments sounding from all parts of the Theatre; ARCALAUS advances before his Party, with his Sword drawn, to AMADIS.*

Arcal. Let Heaven and Hell stand neuter while we try,
On equal Terms which of us two shall die;

[*ARCALAUS and AMADIS engage at the Head of their Parties; a fight at the same time in the Air, and upon the Stage; all sorts of loud Instruments sounding; ARCALAUS falls; the Dæmons some fly away thro' the Air, others sink under Ground, with horrible Clashes.*

Urg. Sound Tunes of Triumph, all ye Winds, and bear
Your Notes aloft, that Heav'n and Earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! shine but serene and gay,
And bright, as when the Giants lost the Day.

[*Tunes of Triumph, the Sky clears, the Grove returns to its first Prospect. A large Ball of Fire representing the Figure of the Sun descends gradually to the Stage; AMADIS approaching ORIANA respectfully; ARCAÏON stands fallen and observing.*

AMAD.

Ama. to *Ori.* While AMADIS ORIANA's Love posselt,
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
Not JOVE, the King of Gods, like AMADIS was blest.

Ori. While to ORIANA AMADIS was true,
Nor wand'ring Flames to distant Climates drew,
No Heav'n, but only Love, the pleas'd ORIANA knew.

Ama. That Heav'n of Love, alas! is mine no more;
Braving those Pow'rs by whom she falsely swore;
She to CONSTANTIUS would those Charms resign,
If Oaths could bind, that shou'd be only mine.

Ori. With a feign'd Falshood you'd evade your Part
Of Guilt, and tax a tender faithful Heart:
While by such Ways you'd hide a conscious Flame,
The only Virtue you have left, is Shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.]

Ama. [Approaching tenderly.]
But shou'd this injur'd Vassal you suspect
Prove true— Ah! what Return might he expect?

Ori. [Returning to him with an Air of tenderness.]
Tho' brave CONSTANTIUS charms with ev'ry Art,
That can entice a tender Virgin's Heart,
Whether he shines for Glory, or Delight,
To tempt Ambition or enchant the Sight,
Were AMADIS restor'd to my Esteem,
I would reject a Deity— for him.

Ama. Tho' false as wat'ry Bubbles blown by Wind,
Fix'd in my Soul, and rooted in my Mind,
I love ORIANA, faithless and unkind.
O were she kind, and faithful, as she's fair!
For her alone I'd live—and die for her.

Urg. Adjourn these Murmurs of returning Love,
And from this Scene of Rage and Fate remove.

[To

[To ARCADON.]

Thy Empire, ARCADON, concludes this Hour,
Short is the Date of all flagitious Pow'r :
Spar'd be thy Life, that thou may'st living bear
The Torments of the damn'd in thy Despair.

[To ORIANA and AMADIS.]

Where Zephyrs only breathe in Myrtle Groves,
There will I lead you to debate your Loves.

[*The Machine representing the Figure of the Sun opens and appears to be a Chariot resplendent with Rays, magnificently gilt and adorn'd, with convenient Seats, to which URGANDA conducts ORIANA; AMADIS following, ARCADON stops him by the Robe.*

Arcab. What, not one Look! not one dissembling
To thank me for your Life? or to beguile [Smile]
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my Sight for ever, and my Heart.

[*Letting go her hold with an Air of Contempt.*
Back, Soldier, to the Camp, thy proper Sphere,
Stick to thy Trade, dull Hero, follow War;
Useless to Women—— thou mere Image, meant
To raise Desire—— and then to disappoint.

[*AMADIS takes his Place in URGANDA's Chariot, which rises gradually in the Air, not quite disappearing till the close of ARCADON's Speech.*

So ready to be gone—— Barbarian, stay.
He's gone, and Love returns, and Pride gives way.

O stay, come back—— Horror and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!—— Return, return.
Eternal Racks my tortur'd Bosom tear,
Vultures with endless Pangs are gnawing there
Fury! Distraction!—— I am all Despair. }
Burning with Love, may'st thou ne'er aim at Bliss,
But Thunder shake thy Limbs, and Light'ning blast thy
While pale, aghast, a Spectre I stand by, [Kiss,
Pleas'd at the Terrors that distract thy Joy;
Plague of my Life! thy Impotence shall be
A Curse to her, worse than thy Scorn to me.

[Exit.

C H O R U S.

First V O I C E.

*The Battle's done,
Our Wars are over,
The Battle's done,
Let Laurels crown
Whom rugged Steel did cover.*

Second V O I C E.

*Let Myrtles too
Bring Peace for ever;
Let Myrtles too
Adorn the Brow,
That bent beneath the warlike Beaver.*

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.

*Let Trumpets and Tymbals,
Let Atabals and Cymbals,*

Let

158 *The British Enchanters.*

*Let Drums and Hautboys give over; -
 But let Flutes,
 And let Lutes
 Our Passions excite -
 To gentler Delights, -
 And every Mars be a Lover.
 DANCES, with which the Act concludes.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Urganda's Enchanted Palace.*

The Scenes are adorn'd and diversify'd with the several Representations of the Adventures and Exploits of Heroes and Heroines: A large Piece facing the Front, representing their Apotheosis, or Reception among the Gods.

AMADIS and ORIANA.

Ori. **I**N my Esteem he well deserves a Part,
 He shares my Praise, but you have all my Heart ::
 When equal Virtues in the Scales are try'd,
 And Justice against neither can decide;
 When Judgment, thus perplex'd, suspends the Choice,
 Fancy must speak, and give the casting Voice:
 Much to his Love, much to his Merit's due,
 But pow'rful Inclination was for you.

Ama. Thou hast no Equal, a superior Ray
 Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day.
 Should Fame solicit me with all her Charms,
 Not blooming Laurels nor victorious Arms

Should:

Shou'd purchase but a Grain of the Delight,
A Moment from the Raptures of this Night.

Ori. Wrong not my Virtue, to suppose that I!
Can grant to Love, what Duty must deny.
A Father's Will is wanting, and my Breast
Is rul'd by Glory, tho' by Love possess'd.
Rather than be another's I wou'd die;
Nor can be yours till Duty shall comply,

Ama. Hard Rules, which thus the noblest Loves engage,
To wait the peevish Humours of old Age!
'Think not the Lawfulness of Love consists
In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Priests;
Such are but licens'd Rapes, which Vengeance draw
From Heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human Law.
Marriage the happy'st Bond of Love might be,
If Hands were only join'd, when Hearts agree.

Enter Urganda, Corisanda, Florestan, and Attendants.
to Urganda.

Urg. Here faithful Lovers to sure Joys remove;
The soft Retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy Hours
Of mighty Kings, and famous Conquerors:
Here, gallant Prince, let all your Labours end;
Before, I gave a Mistress; now a Friend;
The greatest Blessings which the Gods can send.

[Presenting Florestan.]

Ama. O *Florestan*! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my Joys compleat;
The Sight of thee does such vast Transports breed,
As scarce the Ecstasies of Love exceed.

Flor. If beyond Love or Glory is a Taste
Of Pleasure, it is sure in Friendship plac'd.

Ori.

Ori. My *Corisanda* too! [Embracing her.
 Not *Florestan* cou'd fly with greater haste
 To take thee in his Arms—O welcome to my Breast,
 As to thy Lovers——

Cor. ——— O Joy complet!
 Blest Day!

Wherein so many Friends and Lovers meet.

Flor. The Storm blown over, so the wanton Doves }
 Shake from their Plumes the Rain, and seek the Groves, }
 Pair their glad Mates, and cooe eternal Loves.

Ama. O *Florestan*! blest as thou dost deserve,
 To thee the Fates are kind, without Reserve.
 My Joys are not so full, tho' Love would yield,
 Fierce Honour stands his ground, and keeps the Field;
 Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
 While Honour with his Guard of Pride, defends:
 O Nature! frail, and faulty in thy Frame,
 Fomenting Wishes, Honour must condemn;
 Or O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind,
 When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

*Enter Arcabon conducting Constantius, her Garments
 loose, and Hair dishevel'd, seeming frantick. Constantius
 in deep Mourning.*

Arcab. This, *Röman*, is the Place: 'Tis Magick Ground,
 Hid by Enchantment, by Enchantment found.
 Behold them at our view dissolve in Fear,
 Two Armies, are two Lovers in Despair;
 Proceed, be bold, and scorning to entreat,
 Think all her Strugglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit;
 Kill him, and ravish her—— for so wou'd I,
 Were I a Man—— or rather let both die.
 The Rape may please——

Each

Each was disdain'd; to equal Rage resign
Thy Heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis sweet to love, but when with Scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the Loss with Joys as great.

[*A Chariot descends swiftly, into which she enters at the following Lines.*

Up to th' Etherial Heav'ns where Gods reside,
Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy side.

[*A Clap of Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vanishes with her.*

Const. Fly where thou wilt, but not to blest Abodes,
For sure, where-e'er thou art, there are no Gods.

[*Addressing himself to Oriana.*

I come not here an Object to affright,
Or to molest, but add to your Delight.
Behold a Prince expiring in your View,
Whose Life's a Burthen to himself, and you,
Fate and the King all other Means deny
To set you free, but that *Constantius* die.

A Roman Arm had play'd a Roman Part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking Heart;
I thank ye, Gods, nor think my Doom severe,
Resigning Life, on any Terms, for her.

Urg. What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one Face depends so many Fates?

Const. Makeroom, ye *Decii*, whose devoted Breath
Secur'd your Country's Happiness by Death;
I come a Sacrifice no less renown'd,
The Cause as glorious, and as sure the Wound.
O Love! with all thy Sweets let her be blest,
Thy Reign be gentle in that beauteous Breast.

The

Tho' thy malignant Beams, with deadly Force,
Have scorch'd my Joys, and in their baneful Course
Wither'd each Plant and dry'd up ev'ry Source;

}

Ah! to *Oriana* shine less fatal bright,
Cherish her Heart, and nourish her Delight;
Restrain each cruel Influence that destroys,
Bless all her Days, and ripen all her Joys.

[Oriana weeps, and shews Concern; Amadis addressing himself to Constantius.]

Ama. Were Fortune us'd to smile upon Desert;
Love had been yours, to die had been my Part :
Thus Fate divides the Prize; tho' Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other Mistress, is more thine.

[Const. looking sternly upon him.]

Disdain not, gallant Prince, a Rival's Praise,
Whom your high Worth thus humbles to confess
In every thing but Love, he merits less.

}

Const. Art thou that Rival then? O killing Shame!
And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
Like a scorn'd Captive prostrate at his Side,
To grace his Triumph, and delight his Pride?
O 'tis too much! and Nature in Disdain
Turns back from Death, and firing ev'ry Vein,
Reddens with Rage, and kindles Life again.
Be firm, my Soul, quick from this Scene remove,
Or Madness else may be too strong for Love.
Spent as I am, and wearied with the Weight
Of burthening Life—— I could reverse my Fate:
Thus planted. — stand thy everlasting Bar——

}

[Seizes him, holding a Dagger at his Breast, Amadis does the same, each holding a Dagger ready to strike.]

But for *Oriana's* sake 'tis better here.

[Stabs himself; Amadis throws away his Dagger, and supports him; they all help.]

Ori. Live, gen'rous Prince, such Virtue ne'er should die.

Conf. I've liv'd enough, of all I wish, possess,
If dying—— I may leave *Oriana* blest.

The last warm Drop forsakes my bleeding Heart:

Oh Love! how sure a Murderer thou art. [Dies.]

Ori. [Weeping.] There breaks the noblest Heart that
ever burn'd

In Flames of Love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Am. Lavish to him, you wrong an equal Flame;
Had he been lov'd, my Heart had done the same.

Flo. Oh Emperor! all Ages must agree,
Such, but more happy, shou'd all Lovers be.

Urg. [To *Oriana*.]

No Lover now throughout the World remains,
But *Amadis*, deserving of your Chains.

Remove that mournful Object from the Sight.

[Carry off the Body.]

Ere you bright Beams are shadow'd o'er with Night,

The stubborn King shall licence your Delight;

The Torch, already bright with nuptial Fire,

Shall bring you to the Bridegroom you desire;

And Honour, which so long has kept in doubt,

Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[Flourish of all the Musick. The Stage fills with Sing-
ers and Dancers, in the Habits of Heroes and
Heroines.

URGANDA conducts *AMADIS*, *ORIANA*, &c. to
a Seat during the following Entertainment.

First Voice.

*Make room for the Combat, make room;
Sound the Trumpet and Drum;*

The British Enchanters.

*A fairer than Venus prepares
 To encounter a greater than Mars.
 The Gods of Desire take part in the Fray,
 And Love sits like Jove, to decide the great Day.
 Make room for the Combat, make room;
 Sound the Trumpet and Drum.*

Second Voice.

*Give the Word to begin,
 Let the Combatants in,
 The Challenger enters all glorious;
 But Love has decreed
 Tho' Beauty may bleed,
 Yet Beauty shall still be victorious.*

C H O R U S.

*Make room for the Combat, make room;
 Sound the Trumpet and Drum.*

(Here two Parties enter from the opposite sides of the Theatre, arm'd at all Points, marching in warlike order. And then dance several Pyrrick or Martial Dances with Swords and Bucklers, Which ended, the Singers again advance.

To be Sung.

*Help! help! th' unpractis'd Conqu'ror cries;
 He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah me! he dies:
 Gently she tries to raise his Head,
 And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
 Sound, sound a Charge,——'tis War again;
 Again he fights, again is slain;*

Again,

The British Enchanters.

161

*Again, again, help! help! she cries,
He faints, he falls, help! help! ah me! he dies,*

Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then Singers again come forward.

To be Sung.

*Happy Pair,
Free from Care,
Enjoy the Blessing
Of sweet Possessing;
Free from Care,
Happy Pair.
Love uniting,
Souls uniting;
Desiring,
Expiring;
Enjoy the Blessing
Of sweet Possessing;
Free from Care,
Happy Pair.*

Another Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then a full C H O R U S of all the Voices and Instru-
ments.

*Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure;
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!
In the Hour of Possessing,
So divine is the Blessing,
That one Moment's obtaining,
Pays an Age of Complaining.*

Be

166 *The British Enchanters.*

*Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure;
The' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!*

*(Here follows variety of Dances, with which the Enter-
tainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, &c. rise and
come forward.*

Ama. So *Phæbus* mounts triumphant in the Skies,
The Clouds disperse, and gloomy Horror flies;
Darkness gives place to the victorious Light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Ors. Our present Joys are sweeter for past Pain;
To Love and Heav'n, by Suffering we attain.

Urg. Whate'er the Virtuous and the Just endure,
Slow the Reward may be, but always sure.

*(A Triumphant Flourish of all the Instruments, with which
the Play concludes.*

E P I -



EPILOGUE.

By the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq ;

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his Pipe with pleasing Woo,
Rivers forgot to run, and Winds to blow ;
While list'ning Forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft Musician in a moving Shade.
That this Night's Strains the same Success may find,
The force of Magick is to Beauty join'd :
Where sounding Strings, and artful Voices fail,
The charming Rod, and muster'd Spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling Wand
On barren Mountains, or a Waste of Sand,
The Desert smiles, the Woods begin to grow,
The Birds to warble, and the Springs to flow.
The same dull Sight in the same Landskip mixt,
Scenes of Still Life, and Points for ever fixt,
A tedious Pleasure on the Mind bestow,
And pall the Sense with one continu'd Show :

Thus

EPILOGUE.

*But as our two Magicians try their Skill,
The Vision varies, tho' the Place stands still;
While the same Spot its gaudy Form renews,
Shifting the Prospect to a thousand Views.
Thus (without Unity of Place transgress'd)
Th' Enchanter turns the Critick to a Jest.*

*But howsoe'er to please your wand'ring Eyes,
Bright Objects disappear, and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost Delight,
While from that Circle * we divert your Sight.*

* The Ladies.

F I N I S.



